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THEY ALL CHALLENGE OUR CHAMPION.

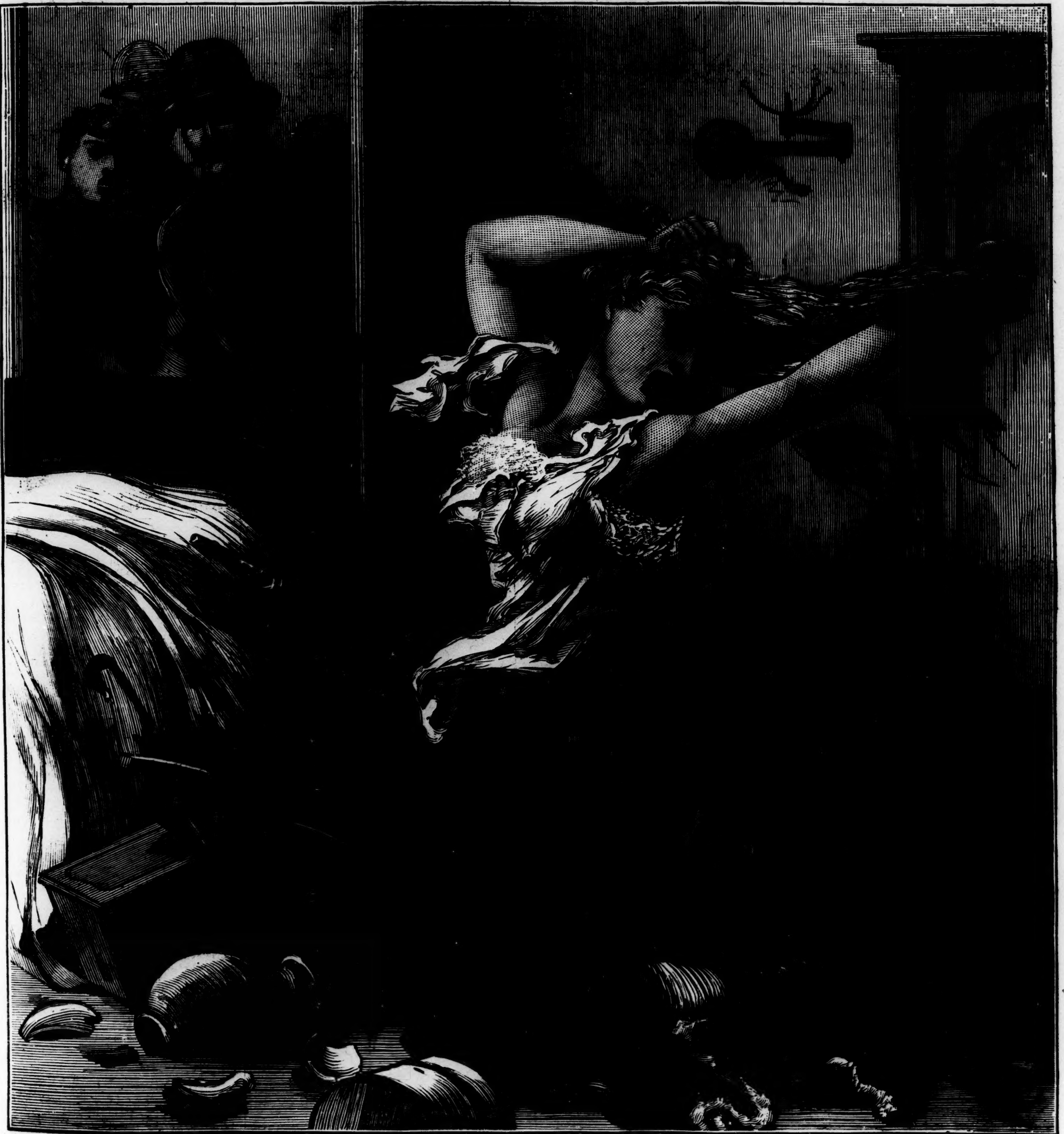
THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1888.

VOLUME LII.—No. 554.
Price Ten Cents.



BLEACHED HER RAVEN LOCKS.

A MEMBER OF THE DEMI MONDE IN LOUISVILLE, KY., BECOMES MAD FROM POISONOUS DYE.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1888.

\$1.00

Pays for 13 Weeks of the Police Gazette regularly mailed to your address. Agents wanted everywhere. Sample copy mailed free.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Publisher.

THE "GAZETTE" AS A DETECTOR OF CRIME.

For years the POLICE GAZETTE has been a target of criticism and censure hurled at it by a class of goody, goody people that unfortunately afflicts every community. These people are so blinded by bigotry and prejudice that they are always ready to condemn anything that don't exactly accord with their milk and water ideas, and are too short-sighted to see any good even where it exists, provided it comes under the ban in their estimation.

The POLICE GAZETTE plays as important a part in serving the interests of society as the daily and weekly newspapers do. Because our columns are profusely illustrative of the striking bits of news of the day does not make the GAZETTE any worse. On the contrary, it is a strong point in its favor. Often the showing up of a crime, in the way the GAZETTE does it, serves a very useful purpose. Cases have been known where the publishing of a criminal's picture in the GAZETTE has led to other developments in his life, and cleared up what had been previously involved in mystery. Instances, too, have occurred where the publishing of a criminal's portrait in our columns has led to his being recognized as the perpetrator of darker and much worse deeds in some other portion of the country remote from that of his last offence.

These remarks have been called forth by a letter received a short time ago by Sheriff Felts, who hung Oscar F. Beckwith, the murderer of Simon A. Vandercreek, at Hudson, N. Y., on March 1, last. The letter we refer to is as follows:

SANTA CLARA, CAL., March 16, 1888.
SHERIFF OF COLUMBIA COUNTY, N. Y.
DEAR SIR: In a copy of the POLICE GAZETTE I find the picture of Oscar F. Beckwith as he appeared on the day of execution. I would like to know something of the history of this man, as my mother, in 1853 or 1854, married a man by that name, some three years after my father died. This man was a stout-built man at that time, about 35 or 37 years of age, and I suppose had a rather broad face and heavy eyebrows. He was perhaps 5 feet 10 inches tall. He was a rascal, who married my mother for her property, which he got hold of, and left in less than three months after. He was an Eastern man, and said he had lived in New York. After leaving my mother in Oregon, where he married her, he went to California, as we supposed. Since that time, over thirty years, we have known nothing of him, but think the man lately hung must be the same Oscar Fitzalan Beckwith. You would oblige me by giving me some history of the man. Respectfully yours,
J. W. OFFIELD.

It seems that Beckwith led a life of bold crime in California after his escapade in Oregon. The story is that he became a member of one of those terrible bandit gangs which prowled through the mining regions not long after the early days of the gold craze. The Oscar F. Beckwith hung at Hudson was no doubt the identical Beckwith who is referred to in the letter above, and the POLICE GAZETTE may be credited with throwing light on a case which, but for the recent publication of Beckwith's picture in the GAZETTE, would have remained a mystery probably to the end of time.

SALVATION BROUGHT HIM TO THE GALLOWES.

According to the last words of poor "Bob" Van Brunt, who was hung at Warsaw, N. Y., on Friday last for the murder of Will Roy, the brother of his sweetheart, the Salvation Army, of which he was one of the leading lights, brought him to the gallows.

Bob is not the only one whose life has been ruined by the religious frenzy necessary to act the part of a salvationist. If the truth is known, the Salvation Army has demoralized many a young man and woman who would otherwise be of some use to themselves and the community in which they live.

This privileged band of religious enthusiasts is composed of a lot of cranks who go about the country disturbing the peace and making themselves ridiculous. Yet they are encouraged by the respectable element of society, and are protected by the laws of the land, which are supposed to suppress nuisances.

EVERYBODY'S PAPER.

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MASKS AND FACES

Actors in Hell--Kitty Rooney
Makes a Kick.

DAVENPORT & CO.

Bellew in Alcohol--"Twenty
Years Ago."

VARIETY VARIETIES.

"Hell is neither deep nor hot enough for players," wrote John Calvin over two hundred years ago, "and



the man who would enter a play house will be burned in fires everlasting."

Stuart Robson, of the great firm of Robson and Crane, claims to have the original copy of that letter in his library.

A cheerful doctrine—is it not?—a pleasant outlook for us all!

But the worthy Calvin was probably suffering from dyspepsia when he wrote those words, so I suppose we'll have to forgive him.

President McCosh, of Princeton, was almost as bad and bigoted as Calvin.

Some years ago he let the boys know that he didn't want them to go to hear Mrs. Scott Siddons.

A play actress, he seemed to think, is a low-lived woman.

Keep away from her, boys, keep away from her!

Kitty Rooney seems to be tired of her papa, Pat Rooney.

She has filed a petition asking that her aunt, Mrs. Wicker, be appointed her guardian.

Kitty speaks in uncomplimentary terms of Pat in this petition.

"When your petitioner was about twelve years of age she said Rooney began outrageous attempts upon

her person, and from that time to this has continued such outrageous conduct. Said Rooney is addicted to excessive indulgence in liquor and is often intoxicated. At last his assaults upon her became so dangerous that she applied to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children for protection. It having been ascertained that she was over the age of sixteen, the criminal law could not be applied to Rooney. Your petitioner's mother, being the wife of Rooney and having three infant children by him, is entirely under his control.

That recently, last week, Rooney came to Easton, Pa., where your petitioner was then acting, and caused her arrest, claiming to be authorized to do so by the mother of the petitioner, and attempted to take her away forcibly and carry her off with him. Your petitioner was obliged to procure a writ of habeas corpus at large expense to escape him. That on her return to this city she was obliged to take refuge in the rooms of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children to prevent Rooney from taking possession forcibly of her and carrying her to Rochester, where Rooney and his wife are performing with a theatrical company for a short time."

It all appears to be a nasty bit of family scandal, awfully low comedy.

And now rumors float through the balm air of spring that Fanny Davenport and Edwin Price are not on the best of terms.

You all remember how seven years ago Fanny Davenport married Edwin Price.

Everybody was astonished. Davenport had been the particular favorite star with Daly.

Davenport was one of the few women who ever boxed Daly.

I have heard it said that on one occasion, when very wrathful, she squirted some seltzer water into the august face of Augustin.

However that may be, Davenport seven years ago fell in love with Edwin Price, an obscure but handsome actor.

But there was one thing that bothered Fanny a little about Edwin.

He was a married man.

He was the husband of Katie Baker of Philadelphia.

Fanny Davenport was not to be balked by a little thing like that, however.

She proceeded to pay a price for Price.

Mrs. Price consented to let her husband have a divorce for five thousand shekels.

Duly wrapped, labelled and directed, Mrs. Price delivered Mr. Edwin Price to Miss Fanny Davenport—expressage unpaid—and then married again.

Katie Barker married Clarence Haudysides, the actor, and the couple have been quite happy.

Fanny and Edwin seem to have been happy for a time, also, but now the goddess Discord pitches two or three apples a week into the dining room, and there is said to be an end to all peace and harmony.

By a strange coincidence Melbourne McDowell, who is playing with Davenport in "La Tosca," has just secured a divorce from his wife, who permitted the decree to be granted without offering any defense.

The death of Lillian Olcott brings to my mind the souvenir of her kindness to newspaper men.

She may not have been a great actress, but she was certainly an appreciative woman.

I know for a fact that on one occasion she presented a certain reporter with a diamond pin for services rendered, and I know that she remembered others of her journalistic champions in a like generous manner.

Most actors, actresses and managers too often forget what they owe the newspaper men.

The professional thespian is, in a large degree, the creature of the press. The anecdotes, squibs, paragraphs and witticisms floating around about actors and actresses are the result of newspaper enterprise.

As a general thing your actress, your actor is a very dull, uninteresting, conceited and narrow individual, with a little learning and lots of lugs.

The writers of the daily and the weekly press, by the efforts of their brains, make this colorless individual, male or female, a biped of interest to the mass of the public.

That's about the size of it.

Mrs. Grundy has been speaking to me about actresses' shoes. Actresses, said she in substance, are apt to be sinners in shoe leather.

Emma Juch has spoiled a whole scene because she was fairly crippled by stilted heels that wouldn't let her walk across the stage decently, and drew the attention of the audience from the music to her feet.

Rosina Vokes knows better. Her feet, when they twinkle slowly enough for one to get a glimpse of them, reveal shoes or slippers made expressly for them—neat, trimly fitting, but low-heeled and comfortable.

Selma Dolaro used to wear high heels of a very uncomfortable, Frenchy build. Mrs. Langtry sets a better example. She is a walker, to keep down the advances of embonpoint, if for no other reason, and she wears a walker's shoes.

She orders sometimes a dozen pairs at a time, for she is a believer in the rule of giving boots long rests between times to be thoroughly aired and regain their shape.

"I hear," said Van Humbug to me the other night, "that when Mrs. Potter first wanted to play Juliet she went to Harry Miner with her sweetest smile and her most captivating manner."

"Please let me play it," pleaded she; "I know it will be a success. Please let us try."

"But—but," interrupted Mr. Miner, "but—" "Ah, please let us try how the play will go. I want so much to play Juliet. I—"

"But really," again interrupted Mr. Miner, "really—see here, Mrs. Potter," finally blurted out the bluff, straightforward manager of the perennial rose, "I'll be frank with you. I'll put on 'Romeo and Juliet.' I'll let you play Juliet. But I'll be—I beg your pardon—but I don't want Bellew to play Romeo. He can't do it. I want him to play the Nurse."

"By the way," added Van Humbug, as he lit a fresh cigarette, "I hear that Bellew had the gall to have himself rubbed down with alcohol by his dresser after several performances on the road, and then had the

additional gall to have \$7 for alcohol charged against Harry Miner.

"I tell you, old man, we must go to the other side of the pond, ye know, to find a man with such blooming cheek!"

Mr. Fynes, of the Evening Sun, has been looking up the history of the stage with interesting results. "Just twenty years ago," says he, "Gus Mortimer was playing second old man in 'The Black Crook,' and doing pretty good work, too. Now he is Gustave A. Mortimer, manager for Louis James and Marie Wainwright, and making money for them, too. Twenty years ago this month Stuart Robson was doing a travesty of 'Hamlet,' at Selwin's theatre, Boston; John Stetson and Josh Hart had just turned the

corner, and playing Bill Sikes to the Fagin of James W. Wallack; Frank Mordant, now a sensational Scapia in 'La Tosca,' was suing the Walnut Street theatre, Philadelphia, for his salary; Frederick Robinson, of the Madison Square, was supporting Mrs. Henrietta Chaufron, and doing perhaps the best work of his career, in a Boston stock company; Louis Aldrich, now financially able to rest when he wants to, was playing heavies with the Boston Theatre Company, associated with actors like Charles B. Thorne, Jr., Harold Fotherberg, the elder Harry Weaver, Ada Gray and Walter Leman; Lotta was playing Topsy in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'; Alice Harrison was doing a little of everything in 'Humpty Dumpty,' and Fred Maeder, now a playwright whose services are always in demand, was a memorable Snorky in 'Under the Gaslight.' But with all these changes there was no change in Maggie Mitchell. She was playing 'Fanchon' just the same."

During the past week Kitty O'Neil and Minnie Law-

ton have been delighting the Bowery with their songs and dances.

Maggie Cline was the recipient of a genuine shamrock sent her by Ryan and Richfield, who opened at the Royal Cambridge, London, England, recently, and who captured the natives.

Lillie Hall has been giving them "Oxygen" at the Casino, Chicago, and they seemed to like it.

Hallen and Hart have, I hear, done big business in San Francisco. Hallen told a newspaper man that the receipts of this season, so far, are twenty-five per cent. larger than those of last year at this season.

On the Rialto.

Ranter, fat and slovenly, is met by Gushley, slim and dapper.

"Hello, Ranter. You look sick."

"Yes; I don't know what the matter. I've tried quinine, pills, whiskey, homeo—"

"I say, Ranter, did you ever try a bath?"

I met Col. Milliken on Broadway last week.

He had six small rifles on his arms.

A boy who was with him had four more.

Another boy, a very small boy, carried two.

The Colonel, in spite of his military title, is an extremely peaceable man.

So I was surprised to see him armed to the teeth and surrounded by a war-like escort in broad daylight on a public thoroughfare.

"What's up, Colonel?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing," answered he, smiling. "I'm taking these rifles over to Dockstader's. I am drilling twelve girls in the regulation way for 'Monte Cristo,' and here are the rifles. Don't be afraid."

ROSEN.

ANNIE LIVINGSTON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Annie Livingston, the pretty woman who accompanied John L. Sullivan to Europe, and who has just returned with him, is a native of Boston. Her maiden name was Nailor. She is about twenty-eight years old, and for several seasons played small parts in traveling companies. She also appeared to advantage in Rice's "Corsair" when that burlesque was produced, ten years ago. Miss Livingston was married to Mr. Frank B. Anderson, a gentleman well known in the capital of Massachusetts, but their marital relations do not seem to have been pleasant. The picture of Miss Livingston which adorns our columns this week will give our readers an idea of the style of female beauty which John L. Sullivan fancies.

THRASHED THE SCHOOLMASTER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Flushing, L. I., says that a rough-and-tumble fight took place recently between Anthony Brown, a pupil of the public school of that town, and Principal J. H. Clark. The nifty little fellow, it is alleged, was more than enough for his master, who soon called to the janitor for assistance, when the two combatants were parted.

"THE CLEANEST AND MOST RELIABLE."

The last issue of the Newsmen, of Boston, the organ of the newsdealers of the United States and Canada, contained the following:

"The number of the POLICE GAZETTE containing the Sullivan-Mitchell prize fight sold enormously. We have it from reliable authority that an edition of over two hundred thousand was printed and sold. Mr. Fox is to be congratulated; the POLICE GAZETTE is one of the cleanest and most reliable sporting journals in this country. It is vastly superior in many respects to the average daily newspaper."

Mr. Lewis Rosenthal, an experienced journalist, has been appointed dramatic editor of the POLICE GAZETTE. The enormous circulation of the paper makes the position a very responsible one.—New York Amusement Gazette.

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Howard Atheneum, Boston, from its memorable dramatic career into a variety house; Newton Gotthold was starring in the West, with Blanche De Bar in the opposite roles; Frank Mayo was managing a theatre in

Rochester, and playing Bill Sikes to the Fagin of James W. Wallack; Frank Mordant, now a sensational Scapia in 'La Tosca,' was suing the Walnut Street theatre, Philadelphia, for his salary; Frederick Robinson, of the Madison Square, was supporting Mrs. Henrietta Chaufron, and doing perhaps the best work of his career, in a Boston stock company; Louis Aldrich, now financially able to rest when he wants to, was playing heavies with the Boston Theatre Company, associated with actors like Charles B. Thorne, Jr., Harold Fotherberg, the elder Harry Weaver, Ada Gray and Walter Leman; Lotta was playing Topsy in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'; Alice Harrison was doing a little of everything in 'Humpty Dumpty,' and Fred Maeder, now a playwright whose services are always in demand, was a memorable Snorky in 'Under the Gaslight.' But with all these changes there was no change in Maggie Mitchell. She was playing 'Fanchon' just the same."

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BASEBALL GOSSIP.

The Boys Who Have Won
Distinction on the Dia-
mond Field.



A. G. Spalding.

The portrait which heads this column is that of Mr. A. G. Spalding, president of the Chicago club, and one of the leading baseball magnates of this country. Mr. Spalding commenced his baseball career in 1863 with the Rockford club, of Rockford, Ill. He remained a prominent player until the close of the season of 1876, when he retired from active service.

Jimmy Keenan got the worst of his collar-and-elbow wrestling match with that ruffian malaria. The Brooklyn will doubtless make it lively for the best of the Association clubs as soon as they shake off the winter's rust, which they have been a trifle slow about doing.

The *Evening Sun* man is a lala, and what he does not know about baseball is not worth knowing. He says, "Among the clubs that are to play this week at Washington Park are the Lowells, last week's pennant winners of the New England League."

To hear the shouting in Boston one would imagine they had secured the whole earth when they captured Clarkson. One man does not make a ball club, and they ought to know that by this time. Kelly did not frighten any body last year, and there is but little fear of Clarkson startling the world this year. The



same players who hit him before will hit him again. By the way, the Boston people have some mean, dishonorable tricks that they resort to when they want to secure a player belonging to another club. They do all their dirty work through a newspaper man, who, of course, approaches the player unknown to the management, and he takes good care to impress that fact upon their minds, but at the same time gives them to understand that he has great influence with the triumvirs. If they listen to his prattle he soon gets them discontented and induces them to declare themselves that they will not play in such a city if they never play ball again. Then the honorable triumvirs come to the front and offer big money for the release of the discontented on the grounds that a player once dissatisfied with a town can never do himself or his club justice so long as he is forced to remain. This is the way Kelly and Clarkson were secured, and after a winter's soothing influence upon Keefe, that gentleman has come back with a big head. He, no doubt, will sign with the New Yorks if they offer him two-thirds of the gross receipts and a carriage lined with down to convey him to and from his residence. Tim will be the most mistaken man in the world if he imagines his release will be sold to the Boston club. John B. Day is not Al Spalding by long odds, and when Keefe commences his monkey business by openly playing into Boston's hands he will find that he has made the mistake of his life, as he will not only get leave to remain idle all summer, but will be reserved each year and kept out of the business until his head gets down to its original size.

Radbourne is taking life easy and is not worrying a bit over the boycott the Boston club is placing upon him. He is off on a gunning expedition at present, and when he runs short of funds he will make a test case of his in the courts.

How gratifying it would be if Boston people could only see once in a while through other than Boston eyes! They are as bad as the English, who damn this country and laud up England, but have to emigrate to this side of the water to make a living.

Mullane of Cincinnati is not the only ambidextrous pitcher in professional ranks. Chamberlain of Louisville is also gifted in this respect, and Jimmy Galvin of Pittsburg can eat with both hands.—*Exchange*. Yes, and were it not for this accomplishment of Galvin's the Pittsburg club could get accommodations at any first-class hotel in the country.

Brown, the giant catcher of the New York club, is now in a critical condition in San Francisco. He is suffering from that terrible disease so fatal to so many

THIRTEEN WEEKS—ONE DOLLAR.

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ball players—enlargement of the head. Some one out there last winter, in a heat of passion, told Brown he was a ball player, and since then he has been so much affected that he now refuses to come East unless he gets more than double the salary he got last year. He will, no doubt, remain on the Pacific slope for many years to come, unless he can find the fellow that told him he could play ball and make him take it back.

Old Hick Carpenter, who has been a prominent ball player ever since Noah came out of the ark, is still as spry as a three-year-old.

The great Boston club, which expects to win the League pennant by the aid of its \$30,000 battery—Clarkson and Kelly—had an immense amount of conceit taken out of them Thursday last, when they swept down upon the Baltimore, expecting to annihilate them. Barnie's men were at home, however, and gave the bean eaters such a warm reception of 12 to 3 that it made the triumvirs tremble at the very thought of their enormous outlay for a worthless plant.

One of the peculiar coincidences in baseball was the fact of Fogarty offering to purchase his own release for \$2,000, and the Detroit management at the same time offering the Philadelphia club the same amount for his release. Of course no one accused the Detroit people with tampering with Fogarty, as they are all strictly honorable gentlemen and would not be guilty of stooping so low.

From the style in which the big League clubs have been playing ball this spring, it is safe to predict that the New Yorks will win the championship with hands down, providing Mutrie gives the colts a show, as they can play all around the old fellows.

The Philadelphia had an idea they would have a soft snap when they ran up against the Athletics, but it was all the other way, and now the prestige has been again shifted.

Brooklyn has had two narrow escapes from defeat at the hands of the Newark club, still the New Yorks beat the Newark like breaking sticks.

There is now a law against baseball players wearing gray uniforms, as it is considered a boycott on the washerwoman.

Since Gid Gardner has turned his back on the old stuff he is playing ball in brilliant style.



From the style in which the Association clubs have been knocking the life out of the League clubs this season, it will be a hard matter for the latter to hoodwink the public much longer about their great superiority.

The new men of the St. Louis Browns have caught on to the spirit infused into the old champions by Comiskey, and there is not the slightest doubt but they will keep all the clubs guessing during the present season.

Although C. P. Caylor is located away out beyond sunset, he still has the affairs of the nation resting upon his broad shoulders. He is out of the baseball business now; but nevertheless he has more to say about baseball than all the other ball men living.

While President Byrne was very hot under his shirt collar, and talking Latin at the rate of a million words a second to the unruly reporters, who are always making bad breaks, a very elegant looking lady stepped forward and handed him a document. Mr. Byrne took a hasty glance at the paper, bowed courteously and thanked her very kindly. It certainly had a soothing effect, for although Mr. Byrne got very red in the face, he nevertheless modulated his voice, ceased lacing the boys and spoke English more fluently. Our curiosity was excited, and it did not take us long to procure one of the magic dodgers, which read, in large letters: "Are we conscious after death? Lecture by Mrs. Viola Gilbert. At the close of the service one half-hour being devoted to the subject of divine healing, an opportunity will be given to ask questions."

It was a hard winter, but it did not freeze Storey out of his ability to steal bases.



It does not look very encouraging for the Central League if the report be true that both the Wilkesbarre and Scranton clubs are dissatisfied.

Hamilton got it in the neck for all it was worth when the International Association schedule was arranged, as they got just eight Saturdays, while the other Canadian clubs have twelve apiece.

Mike Dorcan is the latest contribution to the shelf. Boys, make hay while the sun shines, as you don't know how soon your turn will come.

The Brooklyn may not win the pennant this season, but they will come so close to it that it will be no picnic for the other fellows.

Big Anson will find that he has a pretty hard row to hoe before he is through with the League championship season.

Rather than dispense with Fogarty's services, the Philadelphia club is taking a tumble and doubling his salary.

When Chris Von der Ahe gets left it is, as a rule, on a very raw, cold day. He made a miniature fortune off the five men he sold, went to Europe, had a good time, came back with plenty of the "old stuff left," and has turned up smiling again just as strong as ever.

Since Charley Sweeney quit the use of the "old bug juice" he is playing the game of his life.

A suit has been brought against the Washington club for \$5,000 damages by a crank who was accidentally hit by a ball. If every snoozer who gets hit with a ball can recover damages, the New Yorks will quit about \$100,000 in the hole this season, as about 500 people a day get hit at the Polo Ground.

Jack Nelson has been playing ball ever since the flood, and he is still as spry as a three-year-old.

Long John Reilly was not feeling very well in the Cincinnati-Detroit 8-5 game, when he ran up against Gruber, so he let him off with two home runs, a double and a single, in five times at the bat.

Little "German George" is now the mascot of the Cincinnati club, and President Stern is so well pleased with him that he lavishes his wealth upon him.

Maul is mauling the ball to the evident satisfaction of the Pittsburg people.

The chances are that Birdie will catch the worm, and will be found in his old position at second base by the time the Boston club is ready to start in upon its championship season.

Everybody has baseball on the brain this season. It must be in the air.

Elmer Foster is inclined to be a trifle new, but he is getting better rapidly.

So Jersey City is going to have a novelty in the shape

of an Indian pitcher. What is the matter with an Indian battery and putting Reipschlager in to catch.

There is nothing slow about Spalding. He offered to present a championship pennant to the Georgia League, and they have shown their appreciation by adopting his ball.

How the baseball enthusiasts long for baseball as it was played twenty years ago, when forty runs were scored in a single inning, over a hundred in a game. A match in those days must have been as exciting as cricket.

That old counterpart of "Chadwick," on the Boston *Herald*, thinks there is only one man who knows it all, and



that is himself.

Robinson, of the St. Louis Browns, is a great tough, a very bad man—one of the worst in the business. He is a scrapper, and does not care what he says to anybody. While the Browns were on their spring trip he got back at a one-armed cripple and called him everything he could think of, and it is thought he would have hit him had he been sure the fellow would not have returned the blow.

New York is plumb stuck on its kids—Hatfield, Foster, Slattery, Crane and Cleveland.

The Hall trophy! What is it? Certainly not the cigarette man's advertisement. And is this what the League clubs authorize President Young to accept?

THE WHIP PRESENTATION.

The presentation of the "Police Gazette" diamond whip at the Star theatre on Sunday evening, April 8, was a notable event in sporting circles, which has called forth many comments by the press throughout the country. The following brief extracts will show what the leading newspapers have had to say of the unique and elegant trophy which the proprietor of this paper awarded to champion jockey McLaughlin on the occasion in question:

A gold-headed, diamond-studded and jeweled riding whip was presented to Jockey James McLaughlin by Richard K. Fox last night at the Star theatre. The presentation was preceded by vocal and instrumental music by well-known artists.—*The Star*.

The Richard K. Fox diamond whip, representing the jockey championship of America, presented to Champion Jockey McLaughlin on Sunday evening, April 8, cost over \$1,000, and is the most valuable trophy ever offered for competition in this country or ever in England.—*St. Paul Daily Press*.

The trophy is a heavy gold and silver whip, studded in places with precious stones, there being twenty-four jewels in all. It is the gift of Richard K. Fox, of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, and represents the jockey championship for the racing season of 1887. The presentation took place at the Star theatre.—*The World*.

A large and enthusiastic throng filled the Star theatre to its utmost capacity last night, to witness the presentation of a diamond champion whip to James McLaughlin the well-known jockey. The whip was the gift of Richard K. Fox, of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, and is a fine and costly present.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

The presentation to James McLaughlin, the famous jockey, of the diamond champion whip, donated by R. K. Fox of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, and the attendant concert at the Star theatre last evening proved to be a huge success. The concert, at which Tony Pastor, the Kernells, Frank Bush and an array of specialty stars assisted, was unusually entertaining.—*The Daily News*.

Jockey James McLaughlin was presented with the Richard K. Fox champion diamond whip at the Star theatre last night. Counselor Abe Hummel made the presentation speech, and the proud and pleased but rather awkward jockey looked a giant beside him. The horsemen could not help saying to each other that Hummel would make a great jock for light-weight riding.—*The Brooklyn Citizen*.

MASHED ON HIS WARD.

The Carille family troubles, which came to a head last month in the suit of Mrs. Carille for a divorce, says a special from Napa, Cal., have been adjusted, as far as the husband and wife are concerned. The wife fled from her husband's house, and declared that he was intimate with Miss Crute, his ward, and that his intimacy extended as far back as the time when they lived in Kansas City, and that he tried to shoot Editor Mumford for publishing the story. After the shooting the whole family came here.

Carille charged that he and his wife entered into an agreement to separate and obtain divorces that he might marry Miss Sally Crute, his ward, and get possession of her fortune. He was then to provide for the first wife and her children.

Carille showed a written copy of this extraordinary agreement, and said that there would not have been any trouble if he had not decided to Miss Crute property worth \$50,000 that he had bought with her money. He made this deed because he feared he was going to die. The Superior Court of Napa county has granted a divorce to Mrs. Carille on the ground of cruelty. Her husband allowed the case to go by default.

Three-quarters of the Community property, which amounts to only \$1,000 and the custody of her children, were given Mrs. Carille. The decree has not yet been filed by her attorney. Her suit for alimony has been dismissed. She still has a suit for \$50,000 against Miss Crute for alienating the affections of her husband, and this is pending in the United States Circuit Court. Miss Crute is living in Oakland, and Carille divides his time between this city and Oakland. Mrs. Carille was Miss May S. Foster, of Chicago, and married Carille in 1875.

MRS. GEO. F. COOK.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

We publish on another page the portrait of Mrs. Geo. F. Cook, of Breckenridge, Minn., who, it is alleged, was recently concerned in a disgraceful assault on Editor Joe Gunn, of the *Waikiki Co. Gazette*. The affair grew out of a paragraph published in the *Gazette*, to which the woman took offence. She thereupon went to the office of the paper, accompanied by one or two male friends, and cowed the editor. The affair created considerable excitement in the section.

THE WORLD'S CHAMPION.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The cartoon which we present on another page this week is sufficiently suggestive in itself not to require any description or explanation here. It will be enjoyed by our readers generally.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Men and Women Who
Find Pictorial Fame in
These Columns.



John Farrell.

One of the ablest police officers in Northern New York is Chief John Farrell, of Plattsburgh, who arrested Charles Harrison, the brute who murdered his wife at that place recently.

Johnny Kane

Is one of the famous Western cowboys who went to England with the Buffalo Bill Combination to astonish Her Majesty's subjects with their riding of that "heap of cussedness," the American broncho.

Dr. Wm. F. Young.

A big sensation was recently created in Baltimore, Md., when it was learned that Dr. Wm. F. Young, a high-toned physician of that city, had been arrested in Washington, D. C., on the charge of bigamy. The doctor a few days before had married Miss Amy Carey, and the couple were on their wedding tour, when the amorous Esculapius was captured by the minions of the law.

Albert G. Powers

Is the champion pool player of the West, and is in charge of the Grand Pacific Billiard Rooms, Chicago. He has met and defeated, in match games or tournaments, all players except our blonde-haired New York lad, Albert Frey. He has issued several challenges, barring Frey, for \$500 a side. In the Syracuse tourney he took third money, and also finished third in the late Brooklyn tourney. Powers is twenty-two years old.

W. H. Clearwater.

The subject of this sketch was born at Ravenna, O., and is nineteen years old. He is a dandy with the cue, which he handles with wizard skill. The championship of his State, and the Syracuse, N. Y., tourneys he won hands down. He has defeated J. L. Malone twice and Alfredo de Oro (Balbo) three times, and is Frey's rival for championship at continuous pool, each having won a tourney in that style of the game.

Gordon Barclay Stronach.

The *Australian Town and Country Journal* is one of the most valued of our foreign exchanges. It is devoted chiefly to the interests of stock breeders, but also presents in each issue a careful and accurate resume of sporting matters. The editor is Mr. Gordon Barclay Stronach, whose portrait appears on another page. Mr. Stronach is a talented journalist, and handles a ready pen as a sporting writer and editor.

John Henry Howe.

On another page we publish the portrait of John Henry Howe, of Fort Collins, Col., who is now awaiting trial at that place for wife murder. Howe killed his wife in the most brutal manner. He threw her down and while on her knees cut her throat, after which he shoved her outdoors. The poor woman staggered to the fence, walked about two rods and fell dead. Great indignation has been created at Fort Collins in consequence of Howe's atrocious act.

Loie Fuller.

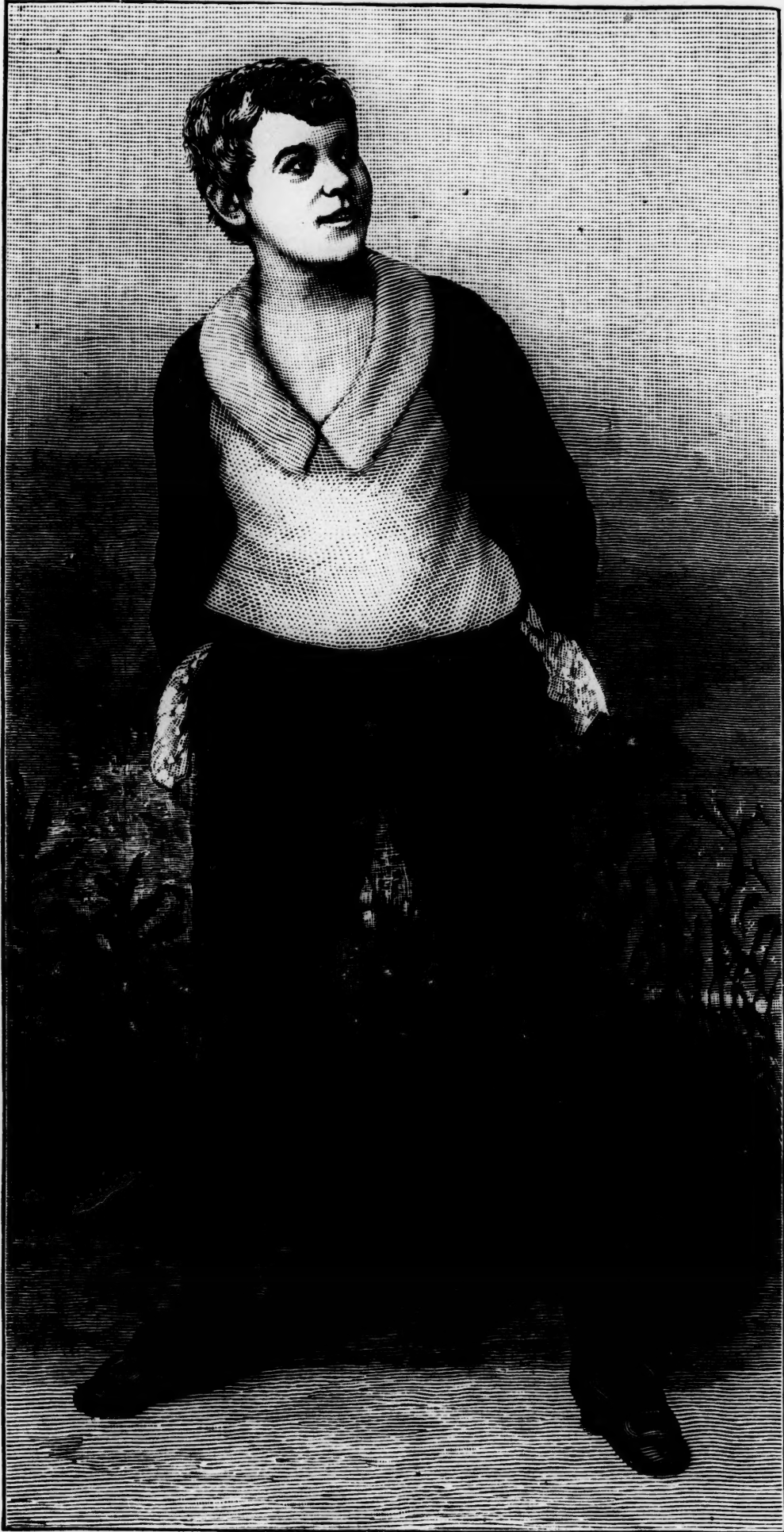
The bright actress whose portrait we publish in this issue, as she appears in the part of *Little Jack Shepard*, was born in Chicago not many years ago. She made her first professional appearance as *Little Reginald*, in a play called "Was She Right?" She has written a play called "Larks," and has sung in opera. Some years ago she played with Felix Vincent, Frank Mayo, and Buffalo Bill. Her first hit here was when she took soubrette parts with Murray and Murphy and with Roland Reed. Her engagement as *Little Jack Shepard* at the Bijou was a success. Her emotional acting of *Ustane* in "She" is much admired.

Billy O'Brien.

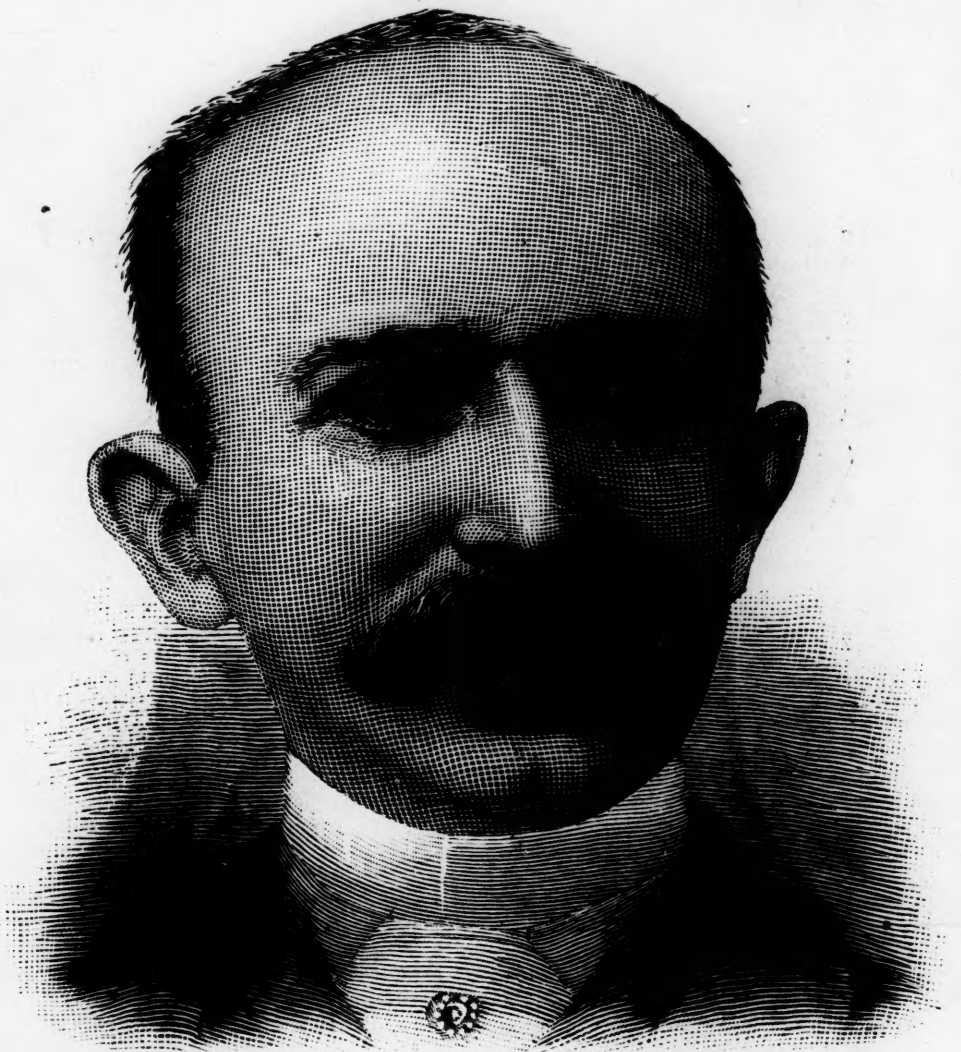
Among the sporting fraternity no one is more prominently known and universally liked than good-looking Billy O'Brien, whose genial face we accurately portray on another page. Billy is a "bustler" from way back. He is known from Maine to California, and the fact that he is to manage and control a six-day race at Madison Square Garden, May 8-12, is a sufficient guarantee that the race will be a success. Among the entries for the race are George Littlewood, Herty, Panchot, Hegleman, Guerrero, Hughes, Noremoe, Vint and Hart. Prof. Patsy Fallon, of Omaha, has entered an unknown for the race. The *POLICE GAZETTE* has also entered an unknown.

CAN'T BE EXCELLED.

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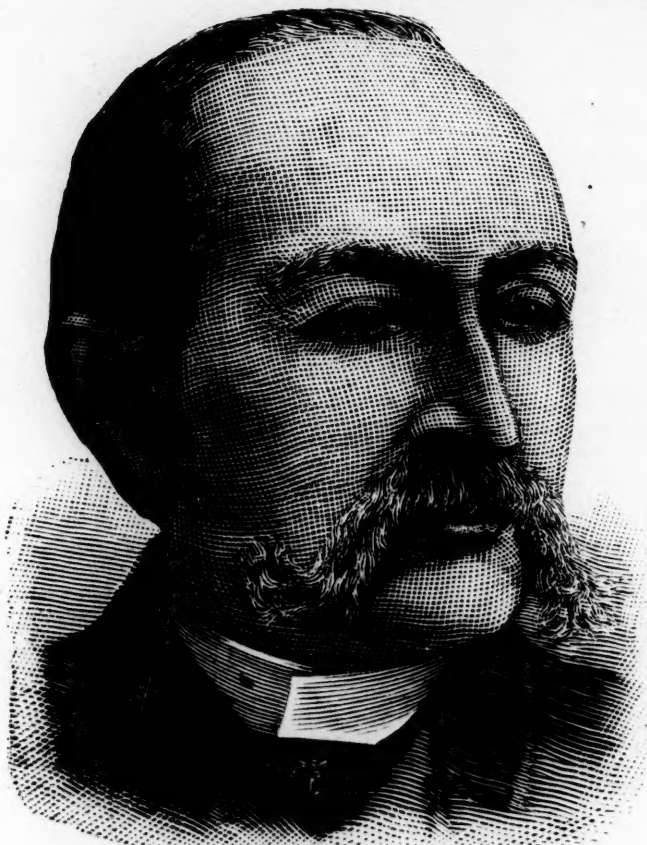
LOIE FULLER,
THE HANDSOME LITTLE ACTRESS WIDELY KNOWN FOR HER CLEVER IMPERSON-
ATION OF "LITTLE JACK SHEPARD."



ABE HUMMEL,
OF THE FIRM OF HOWE AND HUMMEL, THE MOST POPULAR AND SUCCESSFUL
CRIMINAL LAWYER OF NEW YORK CITY.



HAPPY BOB'S LAST HOURS.
THE MURDERER OF WILL ROY AT WARSAW, N. Y., BEGS SHERIFF GARDNER NOT
TO READ THE DEATH WARRANT.



DR. WM. F. YOUNG,
A PROMINENT PHYSICIAN OF BALTIMORE, MD., WHO IS CHARGED
WITH HAVING ONE WIFE TOO MANY.



JOHN HENRY HOWE,
ONCE A RESPECTED RESIDENT OF FORT COLLINS, COLO., BUT NOW
UNDER ARREST FOR CUTTING HIS WIFE'S THROAT.

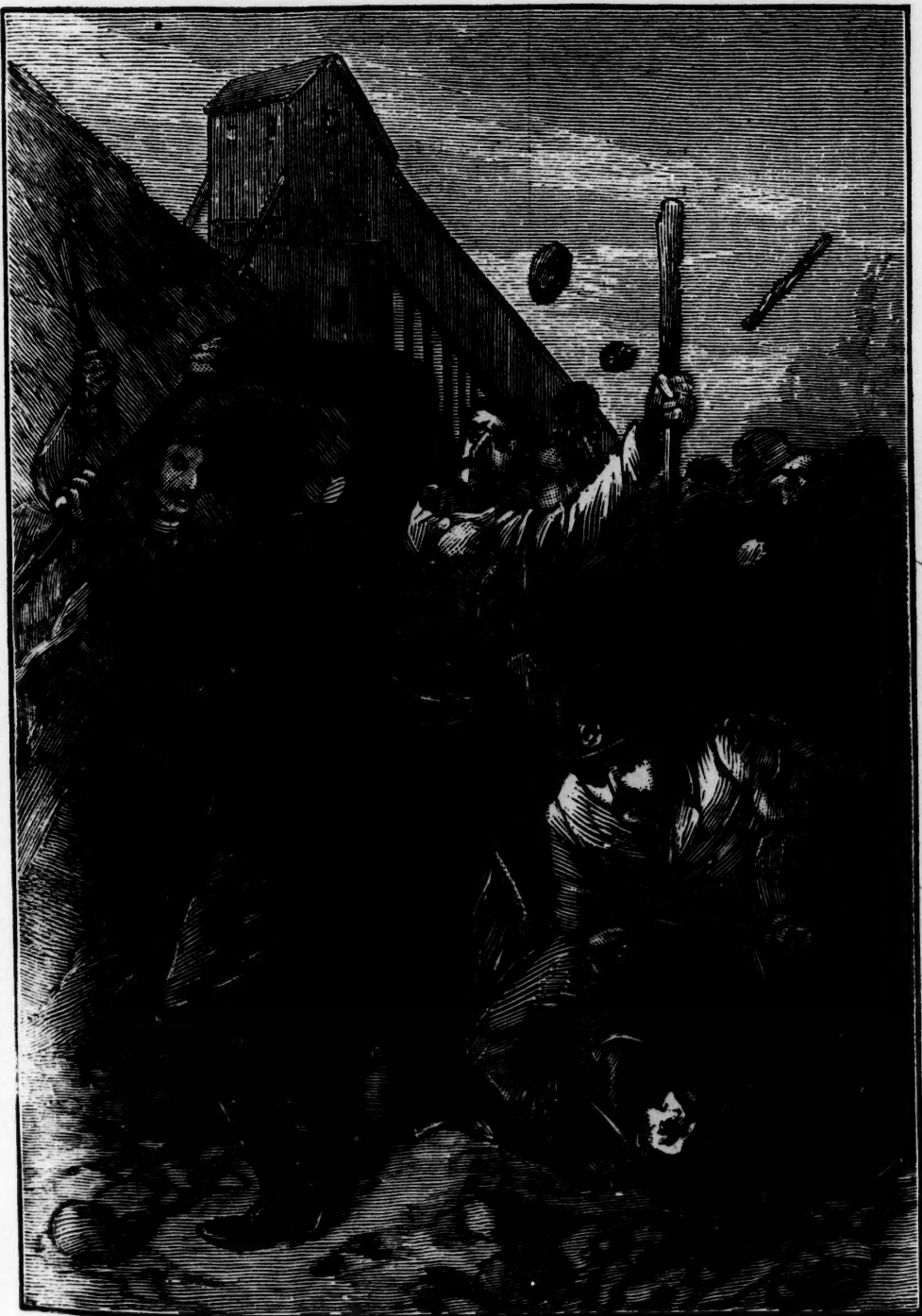


MRS. GEO. F. COOK,
OF BRICKENBRIDGE, MINN., WHO HORSEWHIPPED EDITOR JOE
GUNN OF THE WILKIN COUNTY "GAZETTE."



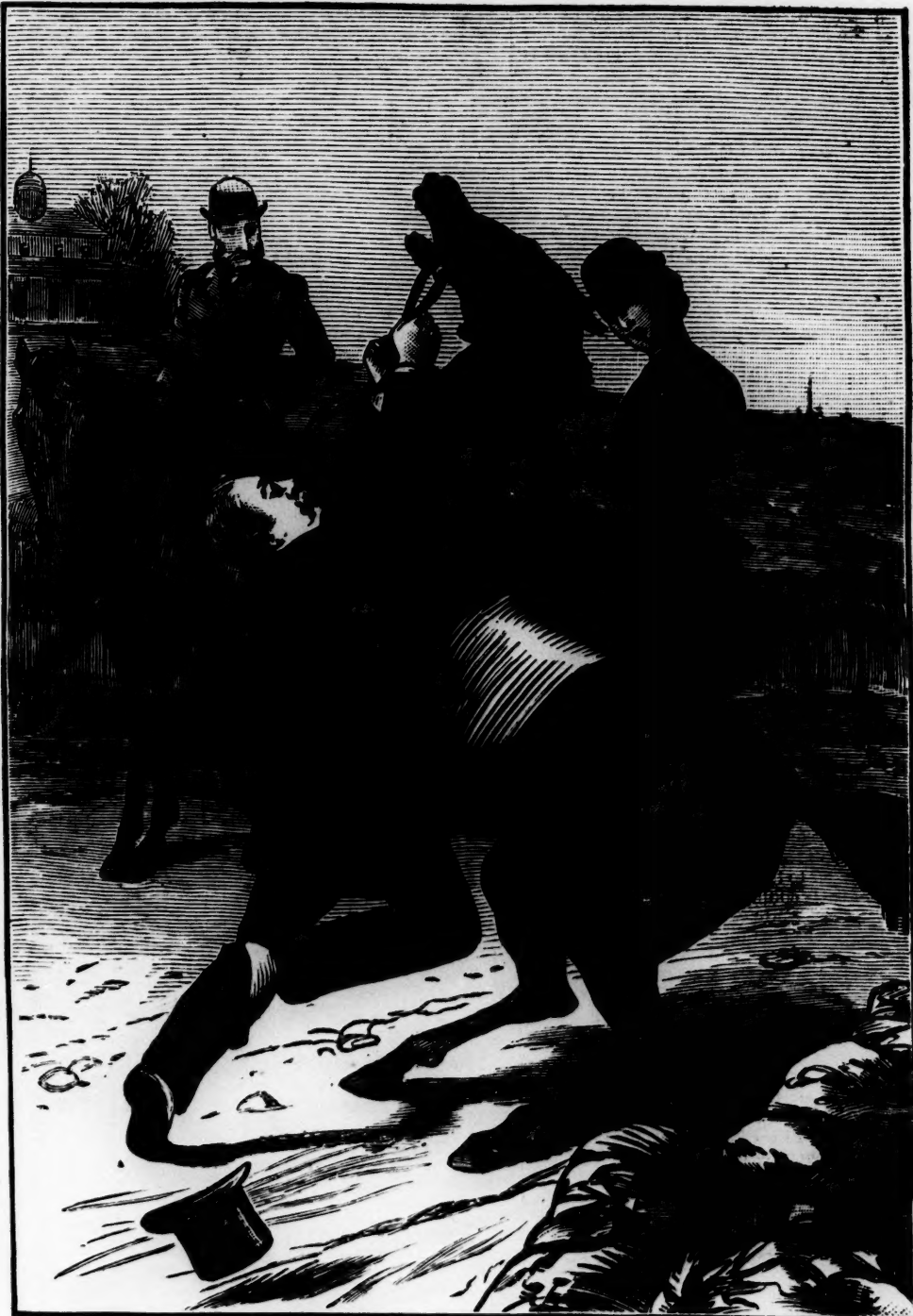
THEY WERE NOT LOOKING.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER SHERMAN OF NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, IS CAUGHT TAKING THE PICTURES OF PROMINENT YOUNG LADIES IN NEGLIGE COSTUME.



BRAVE OFFICERS QUELL A RIOT.

POLES AND HUNGARIANS AT WILKESBARRE, PA., RAISE A BLOODY ROW, BUT A FEW DARING POLICEMEN SUBDUED THEM.



GROVER TO THE RESCUE.

GALLANT PRESIDENT CLEVELAND CONQUERS AN UNMANAGEABLE HORSE AND SAVES THE LIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN WASHINGTON LADY.

CUPID'S CAPTIVE.

Scandal Growing Out of the Allegheny, Pa., Abduction Case.

WICKED ENSIGN RYAN.

Clever Detective Work and Some Very Rich and Spicy Developments.

HER MOTHER'S IDOL.



IGH-TONED SOCIETY of Allegheny, Pa., was startled about ten weeks ago by the sudden and unexpected disappearance of Miss Minnie Rosa Parsons, a beautiful young girl, whose father, W. J. Parsons, lives at No. 138 Bidwell street. For some time she had held the position of leading soprano in the North Avenue Church choir. She is within a few months of being eighteen years old. In personal appearance she is strikingly handsome, being slightly above medium stature, with brown hair, clear complexion, large blue eyes, and a modest demeanor that draws all toward her. Her musical education, began at the Curry institute, was carefully continued under the able direction of Prof. Carter and Bissell, of this city, and her voice, a clear, strong, silvery soprano, was one that had given ground for the brightest hopes for a brilliant musical future. But she disappeared as suddenly and mysteriously as if she had dropped into a grave.

Her parents were distracted, and half crazed with grief besought the aid of the detectives in the two cities. The mother called to see Chief Brown, of the Bureau of Public Safety, and that gentleman did all in his power to find the missing girl, but his efforts were unavailing. The two cities were searched, but no trace of the missing daughter could be found. The authorities in other cities were communicated with, but still the parents heard nothing of her fate. Acting on the theory that possibly their daughter, by some strange mental freak, might have sought to make a name for herself on the operatic stage, they corresponded with musical leaders and managers almost everywhere. Finally, in despair, the mother herself started out on a search for her child, and her story is given below.

Two rather sensational arrests in connection with the case have been made by Detective G. B. Perkins and his men, on an information made before Alderman Cassidy by Mrs. Parsons. The parties arrested were Ensign Ryan of the United States navy, and Mr. J. H. Mead, president of the Arctic Ice company, at No. 612 Liberty street. The charge against these parties is for abducting the daughter of W. J. Parsons, who is an old and respected resident of Allegheny City. The information is based on the allegations of the mother, Mrs. Mattie Parsons. When the accused were arrested they were taken to a room at No. 501 Penn avenue, a boarding house, there to await the efforts of friends to secure bail in their behalf.

Mr. Mead is well known in business and society circles in this community. Ensign Ryan, who is a native of Schuylkill county, this State, has been on detailed duty here for the government, inspecting armor plate at the mill of Carnegie Bros. & Co. He has been here for some time engaged in this work. He has always stood well in naval and social circles.

A reporter went to see Mr. and Mrs. Parsons at their residence on Bidwell street. They had just returned from New York, where they had been engaged in a protracted search for their missing daughter. Mrs. Parsons was found in an agitated state of mind. She is a lady of middle age, and her face is livid with the marks of care and anxiety. Gray hairs have come to her head since her daughter's strange disappearance.

Mrs. Parsons tells the following story:

"I have tramped the streets of these two cities, and the streets of New York, in the hunt for my child night and day, and in the effort to find the men who induced her to leave her home, and I am completely broken down in heart. Yes, I have brought suit against Ensign Ryan and Mr. Mead, charging them with conspiring to abduct my child. When she first disappeared I thought that perhaps, in some spirit of pique and girlish fancy, she might have committed suicide, but this I could scarcely bring myself to believe. She had been a pure, modest girl, and I also could not believe that she had run away with a man. For days I sorrowed, and finally a detective whom we had employed came to me and said that my daughter had gone away with a lady friend and two gentlemen. He absolutely refused to give me their names, and would give me no reason for his refusal. All he would say was that she had left her home of her own accord, and that she was alive, in good health and doing very well.

"Some days later the young girl who I was told had gone away at the same time my daughter left made a confession, saying my child had left her home to go on the operatic stage. I thought possibly she might be with the 'Little Tycoon' company, and I boarded a train and followed that company, passing through the car where the singers were seated at Johnstown, representing myself as a book agent and conversing

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

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with them in the hope that I might hear something. Next I went to New York and saw the Director of the National School of Opera, and enlisted his aid in the search. I went to the American and Metropolitan Conservatories of Music, and applied to the managers of

No. 32 Anderson street, and she was then attending the Curry Institute. She had for a companion a young lady who lives on Robinson street, and it was she who gave the first knowledge that my daughter had gone away at the solicitation of that man. I had not known



THEATRICAL AGENTS AND THEIR VICTIMS.

the New York theatres, and they and the detectives have done everything possible to aid me in the quest.

"I then secured the aid of Detective G. B. Perkins, of the Perkins Union Detective Agency, and learned through his investigations that my daughter had left the Union Depot alone, but had been joined by some one on the train, and had gone from Pittsburgh to Trenton, N. J. I collected sufficient evidence to prove that Ensign Ryan and Mr. Mead were responsible for my daughter leaving her home. This evidence was submitted to my attorneys, Thomas M. Marshall and W. D. Moore, and, acting on their advice, I brought suit against the parties mentioned, charging them with abducting my daughter.

"I have learned that Mr. Ryan represented himself as being J. R. Marshall, and that he told my daughter

previous to that time of my daughter being acquainted with Ryan, and do not now know where he met her. She had received young gentlemen in our parlor, but she never spoke of knowing Mr. Ryan. I have reason to believe that my daughter will soon be found. We have a strong clew to her whereabouts in New York City, and expect a telegram from the authorities there momentarily announcing that she will be detained until we can send for her."

Mr. W. J. Parsons, father of the missing girl, is well known in Allegheny, where he has been engaged in business for years. He is a general agent. He has been almost broken hearted over his daughter's mishap.

"She was our treasure," said he; "we fairly idolized her. I intend to go the bottom of this matter. I want



MISS PARSONS LEAVES TRENTON WITH THE MAN MARSHALL.

that if she would go on east he would secure her a position in an operatic troupe and buy her elaborate costumes. After she left Pittsburgh she was traced, as I have stated, to a hotel in Trenton, N. J., where she registered as Marshall. She was there for two or three days, and was joined by the man who called himself Marshall, and who settled her bill. She then went on to New York. I have evidence to show that this man Marshall is none other than Ensign Ryan. In my search for my child I have been aided materially by our pastor, Rev. Mr. Leak, and a number of other philanthropic gentlemen of this city, who have done all in their power to assist me in regaining my daughter. When she left she was a pure, chaste girl. I am ready to receive her no matter what may have happened, for I am her mother, and I will forgive everything.

to see what protection there is in this land for our young girls."

Detective Perkins and his assistants arrested Ryan and Mead at their boarding house, No. 501 Penn avenue, and at once took them to Alderman Cassidy's office. Mrs. Parsons was sitting in the magistrate's private office when the party arrived. She rushed toward Ensign Ryan, grasping him convulsively with both hands, and shrieking and wailing hysterically: "Give me back my child."

"I don't know anything about her," was the officer's response.

The distracted mother was led weeping out of the office, and the alderman fixed the bail of the accused at \$1,000 each. They were unable to procure bail at once, and at their solicitation an officer accompanied them to their apartment, where he kept them under



THE PRODIGAL RETURNS.

"She was my only child, my idol, and I thought the world of her. The long search, the uncertainty and the suspense have almost driven me mad. At the time of my daughter's disappearance we were residing at

surveillance until they could communicate with friends.

Detective Perkins very reluctantly was persuaded to speak of the case. He said:

"Yes, we arrested the parties, and the case was worked up with a good deal of difficulty. When it was first put in my hands, about two weeks ago, I had nothing to go on but rumors, and vague ones at that. After a good deal of shadow work we learned that Mead and Ryan were last seen with Miss Parsons. Mead, at the time the case was put in my hands, was in New York city, and his stopping place was said to be the Continental Hotel. Upon investigation we ascertained that he was not stopping there. He was closely shadowed, and we learned that he was stopping at a certain place on Broadway. We then connected him with Mr. Ryan, and step by step established Ryan's identity as the man Marshall, who took the girl away from the Windsor or American Hotel, at Trenton, N. J.

"At that place Ryan, alias Marshall, represented that Miss Parsons was his wife. There is no question as to her identity as the girl who stopped there, as her handwriting is on the register, and the hotel people are in a position to identify both of the parties. We have a complete chain of evidence, and expect to have the girl in Pittsburgh inside of 48 hours. That's all I can say. How did you hear about the case?"

The hearing has been set for Monday. There is no doubt that there will be further revelations of an interesting character at the hearing.

All the local theatre managers have been doing what they could to assist Mrs. Parsons in the search for her daughter. Members of the church choir in which Miss Parsons sang say she was a modest little lady, and only two weeks before her disappearance handed her name in for membership in the North Avenue congregation. She was always regular in her attendance at the different church gatherings, and had endeared herself to all who knew her. When they learned of her strange disappearance, several of the wealthiest members came forward and have given all the aid and influence in their power to discover her whereabouts.

THEY MADE HIM CONFESS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

J. F. Wolck, a detective in the employ of Stanley's agency, of Chicago, which has been operating in behalf of the whiskey trust, a few mornings since stood tied to a post in Shufeldt's distillery, which does not belong to the trust, facing an angry crowd of forty workmen. The firm, however, knew who they were dealing with, and so informed their employees. The detective had applied for a position in the distillery, and was allowed to go to work. The fellow had no sooner been admitted to the brewery than he was caught taking notes.

"Boys," suddenly said a man, grasping Wolck by the shoulders, "this is a whiskey trust spy."

With a howl of rage the forty workmen sprang forward. Wolck placed his hand behind him and attempted to draw a revolver. In a second he was sprawling upon the floor, with his weapon in possession of one of the workmen. Wolck was securely tied, and would have been strung up but for the interference of a member of the firm. He had made a full confession.

THEY WERE NOT LOOKING.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There was a big sensation in this city, says a special from New Haven, Conn., when it became known that Signal Officer Sherman, of the War Department, was engaged in the business of photographing young girls in negligé costume. It is known that Mr. Sherman has been engaged in this business for over a year, and has succeeded in getting the photographs of a number of New Haven young ladies who are prominent in society. One young lady said that he induced her to put on tights and took her photograph while she was not looking.

SHOT HIS SISTER'S LOVER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Kennedy Porter, a son of ex-Gov. Porter, was shot and probably fatally wounded at Paris, Tenn., on Friday night by Will Edmunds. The origin of the difficulty is supposed to be the attentions of young Porter to Edmunds' sister, which the latter objected to, and he had frequently threatened to kill Porter if he did not desist. On being shot Porter fell, and was soon after removed to his father's residence, where he now lies in a precarious condition.

THEY TOOK IN THE TOWN.

Likewise Fifteen Thousand Dollars.

In the list of arrivals of distinguished people from the north last week at the St. Charles Hotel appears the names of Frank B. Godard and M. F. Mock. These gentlemen, who hail from the ice-bound region of East Saginaw, Mich., paid their maiden visit to the Crescent City under circumstances peculiarly interesting and agreeable to themselves. Indeed, it is questionable whether the pleasure of their visit could have been expected at all had the motive power been other than what it was—viz.: The Louisiana State Lottery.

To the revolutions of the wheels in the monthly drawings of this great corporation is directed the eager attention of hundreds of thousands of people in all parts of the United States, and the publication of drawn prizes is a signal for departure from many big cities and little towns of men and women whose objective point is New Orleans with expenses prepaid.

When they get here they all appear to be glad they came, for the climate is balmy, flowers are fragrant, strawberries toothsome, and the cash of The Louisiana State Lottery Company acceptable.

Messrs. Godard and Mock were among the last band of pilgrims to this Mecca of the fortune hunter. Both were interested in the fractional part of ticket 51,570, which, Tuesday, March 13, drew the first capital prize of \$300,000, and they divided \$15,000 between themselves. Both are identified with the business of East Saginaw, Mr. Godard being a dealer in wines and liquors, while Mr. Mock is an engineer on the Flint and Pere Marquette Railroad.

Michigan can now justly claim to be champion State prize winner in The Louisiana State Lottery. Within the past year and a half Muskegon, through Chas. J. Herrmann and Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Campbell, has personally represented, collected capital prizes while Detroit, Grand Rapids and other points have drawn through banks and express companies. Messrs. Godard and Mock left for home last Wednesday, thoroughly satisfied with their visit to the land of fortune and flowers.—New Orleans (La.) Picayune, March 24.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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MOLLIE PITCHERS

Two Members of the Notorious
Gang Arrested at Omaha,
Nebraska.

CLANCY AND HIS PAL.

The Latter Plays the Evangelist
Racket, but is Found in Bad
Company.

THE GANG BROKEN UP.



HERE are now at the city jail, Omaha, Neb., two prisoners who, by reason of the notoriety they have gained, are worthy of more than a passing mention. They are respectively Pat Clancy and John Gleason. The former has a national reputation among police officials as an expert burglar and "boss worker." The latter is a pal of Clancy's. They

both belonged to the notorious Mollie Pitcher gang of Chicago, which comprised among its members some of the finest crackmen in America. In fact, recognition as one of its members secured to the happy possessor of that honor the greatest consideration at the hands of fellow "night workers" who were without the charmed circle, and police officers who effected the capture of such a one felt immeasurably better when the prize was given the official endorsement of some "fly copper" or other high authority, as a member of the Mollie Pitcher outfit.

Two years ago last winter Omaha first received recognition, at the hands of the gang, as a good place to visit, and accordingly Clancy and his outfit came here, making their headquarters at Johnny Wallace's notorious dive, No. 210 Douglas street. The other members were Johnny Allen, alias Redcliff; Charley Scott, alias "Skip"; Johnny Murray, known as "Mouse"; "Yellowhammer," Curley McDonald, alias Patsy Kelly; "Kid" Adams, "The Louisiana Kid," Jack Taylor and James Shotwell. All were the creme de la creme of their profession. Johnny Murray had an especially brilliant reputation as a "gopher blower." When first they visited Omaha they met with such good success in their chosen avocation as to warrant them coming again, and a year ago last winter they appeared. On both occasions they did big work.

Among the sufferers were Storz & Iler, the City steam laundry, Beals at Tenth and Dodge streets, and Huntington's leather factory. At all these places, except the last, they secured considerable plunder, and in order to show their disgust at Mr. Huntington's parsimony in not leaving more money in the safe they threw the heavy receptacle for wealth down a flight of stairs. But the gang got so that they were having too much fun. One day Taylor and "Kid" Adams held a man up on Tenth and Jones streets at noon. Officer Hayes went to arrest them when Taylor pulled a gun, but Hayes secured him and he had his trial and was acquitted. Another time, after Murray and "Skip" had been doing some work, Captain Cormack went to arrest them at Wallace's, when "Skip" shot at him four times, the bullets passing through his clothes but not injuring him. They succeeded in getting away, however, but were "settled" at Independence, Mo., for twenty-five years each for burglary. Jack Taylor, after his acquittal, disappeared, and is now doing an eight-year stretch at Schuyler, this State, for burglary. When the gang saw that the officers were bound to "settle" them one way or another, they began to break away. Johnny Allen, who was accompanied by a woman, made a "touch" here of a \$75 seal-skin and went with his woman to Kansas City, where both got "sloughed up" as vagrants. Upon their release, Allen went to Little Rock, where he got a "fall" of seven years for burglary. The next one of the "fly" was "Kid" Adams, and it is said that he is doing a "bit" at Stillwater, Minn. Of the others but little is known, except that the chances are fifty to one that they are "in hock" some place.

An amusing story is told of a colored man, Jim Williams, who, while not a veritable member of it, always trained with the gang. One day Jim went across the river to Council Bluffs, and stepped into the police station to ask a question. Seeing a good-looking overcoat there, he put it on as he came out, and walked away. Pretty soon the city marshal looked for his overcoat and found it missing. He inquired of one of the officers if he had seen it and the officer said: "Well, there was a colored man in here a while ago; perhaps he has taken it." Search was made for Williams and he was found at the transfer wearing the coat. He was taken in and given a year.

Another one of the gang also showed considerable tenacity in visiting St. Philomena's church in the evening when there were between 400 and 500 people at service. He walked in and endeavored to break into the receptacle containing all the valuable chalices and other sacred vessels.

The sacristan heard him and the two had a struggle.

LEADS THEM ALL.

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the "crackman" finally breaking. A description of him was left at headquarters and Jailer Tom Ormsby went to Wallace's and arrested Charles Wilson, another of the gang. He was sent up for ninety days and fined

away, but Clancy was taken in on the wagon. Further search resulted in Gleason's capture, and when he was landed at the station Jailer Ormsby put him in with Clancy to see how they would act. They "bit" easily



WALLACE'S DIVE IN DOUGLASS STREET.

\$100. When searched Wilson was found to have his coat lining filled with the finest steel drills. When Wilson got into town he had with him two fine sets of tools, which he "planted" in the dusk of the evening under the sidewalk at Twelfth and Howard streets. Some persons saw him and imagining he had stolen something, sent word to the police. Captain Cormack responded, and, after examining the articles, waited for the owner, who appeared after dark and was arrested. Thus the gang one after another was "pinched."

enough and were soon comforting each other. In the same cell was a light-weight pugilist named Martin Harney, from Chicago, who had been somewhat under the blighting influence. Gleason spoke somewhat roughly to him and ordered him to get away.

Though quite a "kid," Harney is very clever with his fists, and he said that he "guessed" Gleason couldn't make him move. Gleason responded with a savage blow of his fist, knocking the lad down. That was the last blow he struck. Instantly Harney was on his feet,



WILLIAMS PLAYS THE SWIPING ACT BEFORE THE VERY EYES OF THE POLICE.

Clancy himself was pulled in and got a sixty-day sentence, which was suspended on condition that he would leave town, which he did.

Gleason's connection with Clancy is this: Gleason was brought in on a charge of burglarizing Henry Meyer's store. He lay in jail seven months, being finally acquitted. Upon his release he joined the Salvation Army, and preached in the Tenth street Mission church. Then he joined the Y. M. C. A., and that organization got him a job at the barbed wire works. He

and he danced around Gleason in lively style, hitting him everywhere. Finally he knocked him down and literally walked on him, doing an infinite amount of damage to Gleason's classic "mug." The officers found it hard to separate the pair, but when Harney had been called off Gleason was put into another cell and Harney himself was handcuffed to the bars of the cell, upon which he and his bracelets played a lively and voluminous tune so long as the rum in him held out to burn.



CLANCY ON HIS MUSCLE.

worked there awhile and "broke away," and meeting Clancy some other place joined fortunes with him. Saturday night Sergeants Sigwart and Matza got a tip, and found the pair at the City Hotel. Gleason got

The officers to whom is due the credit for breaking up Clancy's gang, so far as Omaha is concerned, are Captains Green and Cormack, Sergeant Mostyn, Jailer Ormsby and Detective Horrigan.

JOHN TEEMER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

John Teemer, champion oarsman of America and holder of the "Police Gazette" champion cup, was born at McKeesport, Pa., July 8, 1864. He won the championship of America last season by defeating Edward Hanlan and Jake Gaudaur in match races for \$1,000 a side each. He won four first prizes in regattas at Worcester, Saratoga, Watkins and McKeesport during the same season. He and Albert Hamm won the championship of the world in double sculls, Nov. 7, 1886, on the Thames, Eng., which title they now hold. In conjunction with Edward Hanlan, Albert Hamm and James A. Ten Eyck, Teemer defeated Wallace Ross, Geo. H. Lee, Geo. Buebar and Perkins in a match race for £200 and the four-oared championship of the world, Nov. 4, 1886. He has \$500 deposited with E. B. Rankine, sporting editor Boston Herald as a forfeit to row any man in the world for the championship and \$2,500 a side and the "Police Gazette" championship cup. If no response is received from above on or before May 1, he will claim the championship of the world by right of forfeiture under all recognized sporting rules. Teemer's portrait appears on another page.

BLOND DYES MADE HER MAD.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A sad case of insanity was developed in a house of ill-fame at Louisville, Ky. A few days since some officers of the law entered the bagnio and witnessed a thrilling sight. In one of the rooms, seated amid the debris of broken pictures and smashed chinaware, sat a girl about twenty years old. Her hair, which was as white as snow, hung down her shoulders, while her face, marked as it was with excessive dissipation, was illuminated with fear, as if a wild animal. She was tearing her hair out in handfuls and screaming that snakes and devils were gnawing the flesh from off her bones. Her cries of anguish could be heard for blocks, and it was with difficulty that the officers could catch her, as she fought them with the fury of a demon. The unfortunate girl's name was Louise Starr. Six months ago she commenced to blonde her raven hair. The poison of the dye affected her brain and finally dethroned her mind. She is hopelessly insane and dangerously violent.

ABE HUMMEL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we present our readers with a portrait of the handsome features of Abe Hummel, of the well-known law firm of Howe & Hummel, of this city. A lengthy sketch of Mr. Hummel would be superfluous. Everybody knows him. He is known especially for his many good qualities both as a lawyer and as a man. Mr. Hummel has earned a world-wide reputation for his remarkable success in the management of criminal cases. He is a most eloquent pleader at the bar, and has perhaps been connected with more celebrated cases than any other lawyer in the country excepting his partner. Mr. Hummel, on behalf of the proprietor of this paper, made the presentation speech at the Star theatre on Sunday evening, April 8, when Jimmy McLaughlin, the champion jockey, was awarded the "Police Gazette" diamond whip. He made a grand hit by characterizing McLaughlin as "not the Archer of America, but the McLaughlin of the world." His speech was felicitous throughout and was loudly applauded.

GROVER TO THE RESCUE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Wright, a well-known society woman of Washington, D. C., was out riding a few days ago near Oak View, the President's country seat, when her horse became unmanageable. Taking the bit in his teeth he dashed up the road toward "Red Top," making every effort to unseat his rider. Mrs. Wright's strength was fast deserting her, and a serious accident was imminent, when from the little lane leading into Woody Lane road, from the Tenaleystown road were seen emerging the President and his Minister of Finance, Secretary Fairchild, on horseback. Taking in the situation at a glance, the Chief Executive put spurs to his horse and, like a knight of old, galloped to the rescue of the fair one in distress. With a short and perilous stop he drew up in front of the now frantic beast upon which Mrs. Wright was struggling. Telling the fair rider to keep cool, he quickly subdued the fiery animal.

A MOST ATROCIOUS CRIME.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

On Saturday night last a man abruptly opened the door of Christopher Banfield's house, at Flatbush, N. Y., and said: "I've cut a woman's throat outside here, and you had better come out and look after her." Mr. Banfield and Mr. James Riley, who lives in the same house, were in the room, and both immediately went out, taking a lantern, as the night was very dark, and about forty feet from the door there lay the body of a woman in the gutter, with her throat horribly gashed, the ground being deluged with her blood for several feet. The woman was stone dead, and judging from the position of the body she had died without a struggle. The murdered woman was Mrs. Charles Harrison, and her husband, the man who gave the first notice of the deed, was the murderer. Harrison languishes behind prison bars, and will be tried at an early day.

THREE MYSTERIOUS TRAGEDIES.

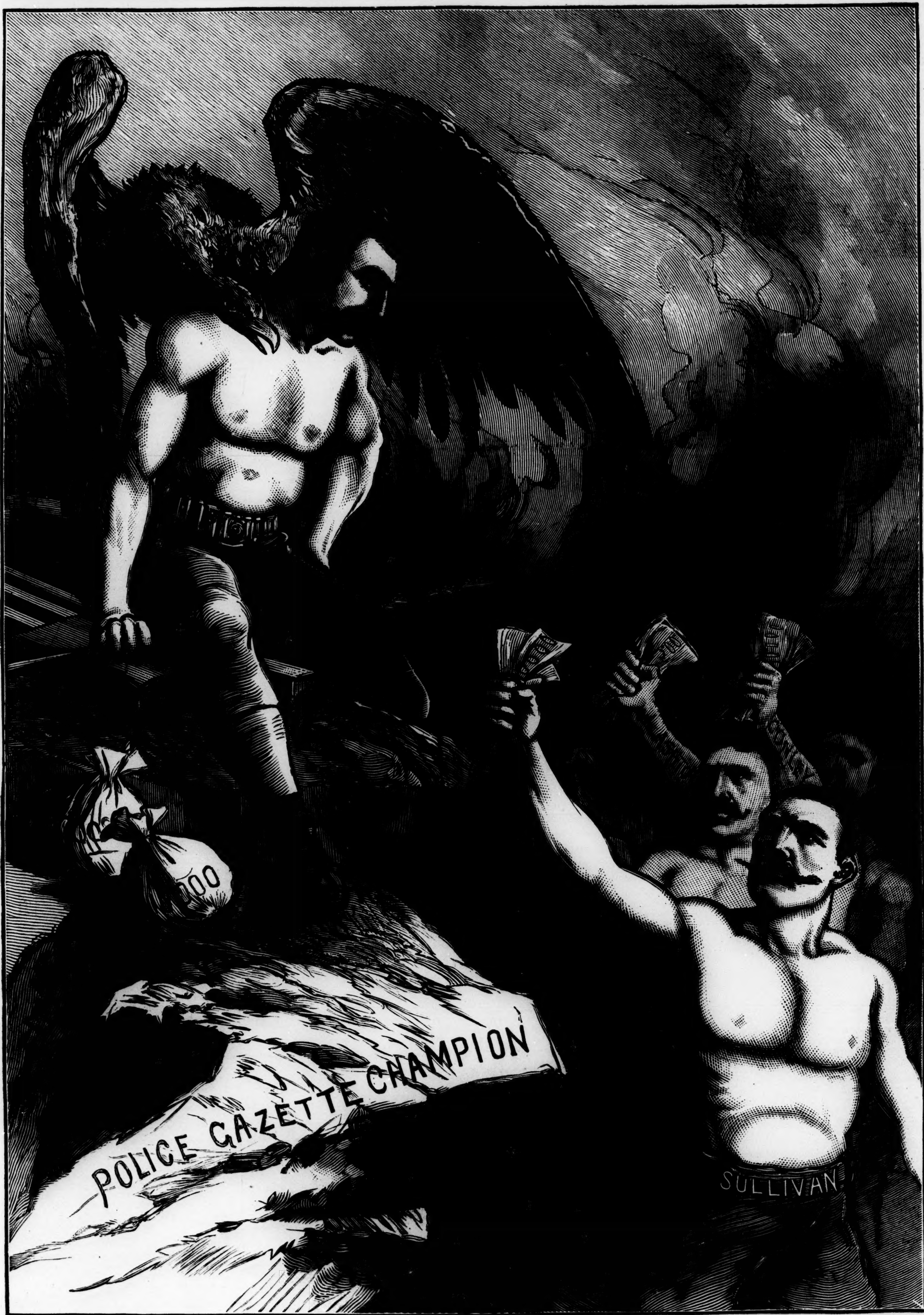
[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A mysterious tragedy took place at Chandlersville, O., recently. Farmer LePage, on entering his yard at a late hour of night, stumbled over the dead body of Edward Smith, a young railroad employee. The same night his daughter, Maggie LePage, the belle of the neighborhood, was shot and seriously wounded in the head. Maggie heard a noise in the yard, and on opening the blind was shot through the glass by an unknown party, the ball entering her forehead and glancing around the frontal bone.

Etta Fraser, a young lady of Zanesville, O., was found dead in her room, under circumstances that indicate suicide. She had parted with her mother but a short time before, but on the latter's return the girl's room was found locked. The door was forced open, and her dead body was found lying on the floor.

NO COMPETITOR.

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KILRAIN IS THE CHAMPION.

ALL THE GREAT PUGILISTS OF THE WORLD ACKNOWLEDGE IT, AND MANY PAY HIM WELL-DESERVED HOMAGE BY CHALLENGING HIM TO MEET THEM IN THE FISTIC ARENA.



ANNIE LIVINGSTON.

THE PRETTY VARIETY ACTRESS WHO HAS BEEN TRAVELLING IN EUROPE WITH THE JOHN L. SULLIVAN COMBINATION,
FORMERLY WITH THE RENTZ-SANTLEY TROUPE.

PUGILISTIC.

Kilrain's Prompt Response to Jack Ashton's Chal- lenge.

HE WILL FIGHT HIM.

Jack Ashton arrived from England on April 9, landing at Boston.

Mike Bennett has issued a challenge to meet Bill Goode or Jack Hickey for \$500 a side. He also agrees to box Tom Lees at his own weight.

Jimmy Hale, a Philadelphia light-weight, is anxious to meet any other light-weight in the country for from \$250 to \$1,000 a side, with skin gloves to a finish.

W. E. Gibbs of Kansas City and W. A. Ross of California fought at Kansas City on April 8. Ross was knocked out in the tenth round in 2 minutes 40 seconds. It was Gibbs' first contest.

Jim Fell is training for his coming match with Bob Ferguson at Mott Haven, where he has for a training mate the Harlem Spider, who is getting into shape for his battle with Jack Stewart.

A mill occurred near Reading, Mass., on April 9, between Arthur Upham and Jimmy Nelson, both of Norwich, Conn. They met with skin gloves for \$500 a side. Nelson was knocked out in 16 rounds.

Jeremiah Barnett, fifteen years of age, and Wm. Hickey, age 16, were arrested on April 9 at Clifton for engaging in a prize fight on April 8. The judge, after giving them a reprimand, said they both appeared to have been punished enough and suspended sentence. The judge's decision was a just and a lenient one.

James Collins and Fred King, youths weighing 150 pounds each, met in a 16-foot ring near Ansonia, N. Y., on April 9, and contested three rounds for \$50 a side. In the third round Collins struck King on the left eye and knocked him out. At that time Chief of Police Ellis appeared upon the scene and the crowd scattered.

The New York "Evening Telegram" publishes the following April 10: "Sullivan is at it again. He is fighting with his mouth. He wants to meet Jack Kilrain for \$5,000 to \$10,000. He is just dying for an opportunity to annihilate somebody. Just so, John. Not many months ago you were dying to meet Charlie Mitchell. You met him."

It would be in order for Jack Ashton to accept the challenge of Mike Conley of Ashland. The latter's backer is eager to back him against any man in America for \$2,500 a side. About three years ago J. D. Hayes posted \$100 forfeit for Conley to meet Ashton, but although Conley was only a novice, Ashton refused to arrange a match. Conley is now the best heavy-weight in America at present.

The N. Y. "Sun" in an editorial says: "The Hon. Jack Kilrain avers that the Hon. Lawrence Sullivan is the biggest talker you ever saw." If the assertion be true, it merely shows that a Boston education is what it pretends to be. It is expected, by the way, that Mr. Sullivan will give a series of culture talks and memories of foreign travel in the Old South Church on Thursday afternoons during May and June."

Sullivan's substitute, Jack Ashton, has put out his shadow challenge, proposing to meet Kilrain for \$2,500 a side, and sent \$250 to the Boston Herald as a forfeit. The "John L. Sullivan of Rhode Island" had better win his spurs with George Godfrey, Mike Conley or Jack Dempsey. Sullivan says, according to the interview with him published in Monday's World, that Ashton is even incompetent as a second in a London rules fight. —N. Y. Daily News, April 11.

Paddy Farrell, a noted heavy-weight boxer of Pittsburgh, writes that he is delighted to learn Dominick McCaffrey has returned, and should the latter visit St. Paul he will be able to arrange a match to a finish with him, either with bare knuckles or skin-glove fight. If unable to do this, and in any event, he issues a sweeping challenge to any heavy-weight in the country to box with him for ten rounds, the winner to take \$5 and the loser 35 per cent.

At Brockton, Mass., on April 10, Frank Maguire, of Boston, and Matthew Griffin, of Braintree, feather-weights, met in a glove contest to a finish under Blanchard's "fair play" rules, for a purse. Each secured a knock down in the first round. Maguire had the advantage in the second. In the third, fourth and fifth the work was light and honors were equally divided. Griffin in the twelfth round knocked Maguire out. About fifty spectators were present.

A slashing mill, according to London rules, was fought at Chicago on April 11, the contestants being John Noel and Peter Dubeau, both French carpenters. Noel, who was the taller, weighed 175 pounds, and Dubeau 184. The mill lasted half an hour, when Dubeau threw up his hands and acknowledged defeat. Noel had only a discolored cheek and eye, while Dubeau had several teeth knocked out, his nose and cheek cut, both eyes closed and his chest considerably bruised.

The New York "Daily News" says: "There is no truth in the announcement that Jack Kilrain and Charley Mitchell are on their way to this country. Kilrain has arrangements to fill up to June, and when he sails he will cable. Mr. R. K. Fox says: 'Kilrain shall have the grand reception here which he richly deserves. I look upon him as the champion of the world. It is foolish to suppose Kilrain and Mitchell would travel with Sullivan, for the latter is not now the leading attraction.'"

J. D. Hayes, the backer of Mike Conley, the Ithaca Giant, accepts Pat Killen's challenge to meet Conley under any rules. Conley will meet Killen under London prize ring rules to a finish, with bare knuckles, for \$2,500 a side, and has deposited \$500 forfeit with John Maloney, of Ashland, Wis. Hayes was formerly proprietor of the City Hotel at Ithaca, N. Y., and he deserves a great deal of credit for the way he has fought up-hill against opposition to drive the Ithaca giant to the front. Conley now stands on the top rung of the pugilistic ladder, and will occupy that position until Kilrain returns to this country.

The N. Y. "Evening Sun" says: "Sullivan has changed his tune now. He acknowledges that he was 'euchred and tricked by a pack of ruffians,' and that the match with Mitchell was 'from beginning to end a great mistake.' Why? Because he was not able to defeat Mitchell. In the same issue it says: 'Harry Phillips has begun paving the way for Sullivan's return by a challenge on his behalf to fight any man in the world for from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a side, skin gloves, Marquis of Queensberry style. At the same time another party, believed to be Richard K. Fox, offers to match Jack Kilrain against him for \$10,000 a side, in a twenty-four foot ring, under the old rules by which all championships have been won. Now the paper war will begin.'"

A prize ring encounter, London rules, took place April 12 near this city. The principals were Jim King, a cattle drover, and Mike Whalen, of Birmingham, England. King is twenty-eight years of age, 5 feet 5 inches in height, and weighed 133 pounds, while Whalen is thirty years old, 5 feet 5½ inches in height, and weighed 138 pounds. King, it will be remembered, defeated Pat Murphy about a month ago. Thirteen rounds were fought. For the first six rounds Whalen had the best of the fight, but King being a good stayer tired his man out and won

THE BOSS PAPER.

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In the thirteenth round, when Whalen, who was badly punished, gave up the battle. King was seconded by Jimmy Conlan and Tom Monahan, and Whalen's attendants were Jack Connors and Jack Sullivan. Jack Medaker acted as referee.

The London correspondent of the Boston "Globe" has interviewed Sullivan, and the latter makes the following flimsy excuse for not defeating Mitchell: "Among the circumstances which I claim militated against me are the unfairness of Angel the referee, Mitchell's foul play in spiking me at every opportunity, and Barnett and Ashton's incompetency, for though they meant well and did their level best, knowing so little of seconding, they allowed the fight to continue, when by the rules I had won it." This is about the most frivolous and baby-like excuse that could be offered. Seconds cannot make a man win if he does not possess the quantity and the quality, and Sullivan possessed the former, but lacked the latter; that is, he was big, tall, powerful and muscular enough, but lacked science, generalship and needed a series of lessons on the art and science of battling by London prize ring rules.

Joe Coburn, the ex-champion of America, who never lost his backer's money, was tendered a benefit at Parepa Hall, Eighty-sixth street, this city, on April 9. It is needless to say the house was packed and the once great pugilist received a bumper. The first pair introduced was Sebastian Muller, the German giant, and Ernest Rueber. Neither could gain a fall. A collar-and-elbow bout between Jimmy Carroll and Homer Lane followed. Carroll won the first and third falls. Several boxes then contested. The wind-up, in which Coburn himself was advertised to appear against Jack Dempsey, was, of course, the event of the evening. Coburn appeared as fresh and lively as ever, and made a very clever showing. He proved that he could contest in a ring battle better to-day than many of the younger disciples of the manly art.

Patsy Cardiff, heavy-weight champion pugilist of the Northwest, was married at Minneapolis, Minn., on April 10, and he will not again be seen in the prize ring. Patsy's bride is Miss Nellie Hall, a music teacher. She is a brunette of pleasing manners, 30 years old, weighing 165 pounds, and is very pretty. The heart that enabled Patsy to stand six rounds before Sullivan went all to pieces before Miss Hall's charms, and for several months he has been a model young man, attending to business and matrimonial preliminaries. Pat Killen, who has repeatedly challenged Cardiff of late, withdrew his last challenge upon hearing of the approaching marriage. The marriage was solemnized at St. Clodius' Church at 6:30 P. M., and afterward a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, at which many of the friends of the couple were present. The couple will take a trip to Chicago, after which Mr. and Mrs. Cardiff will keep house and Cardiff continue to assist his partner, Prof. John Donaldson, in the saloon business. One thing is certain, Cardiff has arranged a match that will not end in smoke, and the POLICE GAZETTE sends congratulations.

The static encounter between Mike Cushing, of Troy, N. Y., and Benny Gallagher, of Boston, was decided near this city, on April 11. Only a select crowd was present. The conditions under which the men fought were "Police Gazette" rules, with gloves, for \$1,000. Cushing is twenty-three years of age. He stands 5 feet 5 inches high and weighed 133 pounds. His seconds were Dan Gallagher and Jim Cleary, of Brooklyn. Gallagher's seconds were Tom Cu len and Mike Brennan. Gallagher made his appearance in white trunks, brown socks and the regulation fighting shoes, while Cushing wore black trunks, flesh-colored stockings and fighting shoes. Only 5 rounds were fought, and in the last round Gallagher was forced down four times in succession under the sledge-hammer blows. He came up only to be put to sleep the fifth time that he went down by a swing of Mike's right on his jugular that ended the battle, and Cushing was declared the winner. Cushing seems to be a clever and game young light-weight, having fought one of the greatest fights on record with Jack Hopper on April 25 last year, when he fought 22 of the 32 rounds with a broken hand and arm. He also won the light-weight championship while an amateur in 1884.

A few days ago sporting circles were surprised by a challenge issued by Jack Ashton, of Providence, backed up by John L. Sullivan's manager's money, in which it is stated that he would fight Jack Kilrain, the champion of America, according to London rules, for \$5,000 a side. At first many supposed the challenge was only an advertising dodge, for Kilrain had defeated Ashton and few supposed that the Providence boxer had any chance in another contest with Kilrain; but when it was announced that Harry S. Phillips had posted \$250 with the Boston Herald, the challenge was considered bona fide. After finding that Ashton had posted a forfeit and that it was probable that he was in earnest, Richard K. Fox had Ashton's debt wired to the Sporting Life, asking George W. Atkinson to secure a reply from Kilrain. To-day, April 16, the following cable was received:

LONDON, April 16.
RICHARD K. FOX.—Jack Kilrain will fight Jack Ashton ten weeks from signing articles, according to London prize ring rules, for one thousand pounds a side, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship of the world, the battle to be fought in England or France. Kilrain will allow Ashton \$200 for expenses. Cable if accepted.

George W. Atkinson.
Kilrain is champion of the world and holds the belt which represents the same. He is well aware no battle according to London prize ring rules, for a large amount of money, can be decided in this country; therefore, his offer to allow Ashton \$1,000 for expenses, to have the battle decided in England or France, is a fair one, and if Ashton is in earnest he will be compelled to accept the champion's terms, or else make himself look ridiculous in the eyes of the sporting fraternity.

We have received the following bit of doggerel from P. Clark, of Peoria, Ill. It is very good in its way, and our readers will appreciate the many good hits it contains, if it is not written in strict conformity to poetic rules:

Hail! our glorious conqueror, the first one to advance
And claim the English laurels he battled for in France,
From Smith, the English champion, who did a challenge send
To fight Kilrain or Sullivan a battle to the end.
John L. declined the challenge to cross the raging main.
But through our sportsman, Richard K. Fox, it was accepted by
Kilrain.

Who sent an answer back to Smith, saying: "Any terms you like;

I am willing for to meet you in an International Fight."

On the morning of the battle Kilrain stepped in the ring, and unto Mitchell did remark: "This trophy back I bring
With honor to my native land if I win this contest;
And if I am defeated you all know I did my best."

The usual ceremony went round, the introduction past,
There to decide the championship the men did meet at last
To battle in the famous ring, an interesting sight,
As both in good condition stood in the International Fight.

The odds were six to one on Smith against our Yankee Boy,
And loud the English party cheered when Smith reached Kilrain's eye.

But in return, the brave Kilrain let go with Yankee vim
A right-hander upon Smith's ear which nearly settled him.
Each round was finished up in falls, Smith going to the ground,
And on the 18th Jake let go, and claimed the first knock-down.
The English party were amazed, the bets on him got tight;
Then odds were placed upon Kilrain in the International Fight.

Two hours and a half they fought, one hundred and six rounds;
(Kilrain having the best of it), twice knocking his man down.
The gladiators battled on, no doubt but Smith was game
To endure the punishment he got at the hands of Jake Kilrain.
Night was fast approaching, the fight was then postponed,
Jake having the best of it, to be renewed next morn;
But Smith refusing to renew the battle that night,
Left Kilrain the winner of the International Fight.

For Science, Art and Bravery we lead the world to-day!
The English sent their yacht across, but, to their dismay,
The Volunteer beat her across the Atlantic main,
And now the best man they produce is defeated by Kilrain.
Long wave our Starry Banner, may it flourish high above,
And protect the Sons of Freedom, their native country love!
Praise to our sportsman, Richard K. Fox, the one who brought
to light
And backed Kilrain, the hero of the International Fight.

—P. CLARK.

SPORTING.

Kilrain's Prosperous Starring Tour Abroad.

LOTS OF THE DUCATS.

The statement that McCaffrey is matched against Sullivan to spar ten rounds, Queensberry rules, is not true.

Steve Brodie, the champion bridge jumper, is doing a splendid business at his popular sporting house, Bowery, near Grand street, this city.

At Philadelphia, on April 11, John Balls and James Craig fought 19 hot rounds, and the battle was declared a draw. They will meet again soon.

H. H. Treadwell, secretary of the Athletic games of the Twenty-second Regiment, announces that the games will be held at the armory, Fourteenth street and Sixth avenue, April 21.

George Cartwright arrived from England on the Servia on April 15. He is entered in the six-day race at Madison Square Garden which commences May 6.

Frank Glover has gone to San Francisco to be whipped, as, although McCaffrey is not very clever, he knows a thing or two, and, being a heavier man than Glover, has much the best of the match.

The 79-hour go-as-you-please contest was ended at Providence, R. I., April 14 and Gus Guerrero (who made 382 miles) could easily have broken the record, but he apparently did not care to do so.

Morty Sullivan has posted a forfeit of \$25 at this office to match Joe Higgins to wrestle Jack Conley for \$200 or \$500, catch-as-catch-can. If Conley wants to take on the contract he will cover Higgins' forfeit.

Buffalo Bill's Wild-West is doing a splendid business at Manchester under the management of Col. W. F. Cody. Mr. A. E. Sheible, the superintendent, is also to be congratulated for a great share of the big show's success.

Billy Myers' backer, Alf Kennedy, has issued a challenge to McCaffrey, Billy Dacey, Mike Daly and Carroll. He offers to back Myers for any amount, from \$2,000 to \$10,000 a side, in a finish contest, with skin gloves, at 133 pounds.

F. Berrian, of Brooklyn, representing George La Blanche, has made overtures to Jack Dempsey for another go between the two great middle-weights. Dempsey refuses to do any business with him unless he is guaranteed \$2,500.

George Eisel, of Pittsburgh, has taken hold of Jack Bates, the Ohio feather-weight, and is ready to match him against any 120-pound man in the country for \$250 a side. He is especially anxious to get on a match with Jimmy Larkins.

We have received McCall's famous English racing guide. It is a valuable and reliable book on English racing, and just what turfmen and breeders of race horses require. It is published by Wm. McCall, 7 Hunter street, Liverpool, Eng.

At Chicago, on April 15, Billy Owens and Martin Reagan, two feather-weights, fought for a purse of \$250. Two ounce gloves were used and Marquis of Queensberry rules governed. The fight was given to Owens after a brief struggle, Reagan being badly punished.

The first of the three bicycle races to be contested by William A. Rowe of America and Richard Howell of England for the championship of the world and \$1,000 took place at Leicester, England, April 14. The distance was five miles. Howell won by five yards in 15:37.1 s.

The New York "Daily News" says: "It is laughable to read the many favorable and complimentary notices Jack Kilrain is receiving from the newspapers that five months ago rated as 'an impostor,' 'no match for Smith,' etc. Now they claim he is the best man in the fist arena."

The well-known jockey Andy McCarty, Jr., who is under engagement to ride for the Melbourne stable this season, is now at Lexington. His first mount this season will be on one of that stable's entries in the Distillers' stakes there on the opening day of the spring meeting of the Kentucky Association.

Mike O. Conley, the Ithaca Giant, will be matched against John L. Sullivan after the latter arrives from England. If he succeeds in conquering Sullivan he will be matched to meet Jack Kilrain. Sporting men in the Northwest claim he is the coming champion and they stand ready to back him with big money.

At Providence a movement is on foot to give Jack Ashton a testimonial some time this month at the Opera house. When the beneficiary will wind up with John L. Sullivan. Sporting men at Providence are well pleased to see the improvement Ashton has made in his general appearance since October, and will back him for \$5,000 against Kilrain.

F. E. Bennett offers to shoot with Ira Paine, the ex-champion wing shot, a match of 100 shots a day for three consecutive days, distance 50 yards, standard American target, any 44-calibre revolver, and any factory ammunition in unbroken boxes; the match to be shot in Boston; judges, scorers and referee to be selected from members of the Boston Press Rifle Club.

The N. Y. "Daily News" April 10: "E. H. Garrison, the famous jockey, paid a flying visit to Clifton yesterday. He said that McCaffrey's diamond whip was more valuable than he expected, and that he did all he could to capture it. He expects to win more races this season, and thinks he has a ten to one better chance. He is eager to know if Richard K. Fox is going to offer another trophy."

Thomas Finnerly, of Phenix, and George Inman, of Providence, fought for a purse of \$100 to the winner and \$20 to the loser, at Providence, R. I., on April 9. The contest was decided, however, at the end of the fifth round. Inman at this time surprised his backers by throwing up the sponge, when it was apparent that he could have knocked out his opponent. The referee then decided the contest in favor of Finnerly.

George H. (better known as Pony) Moore had a big benefit at London, England, on April 12. The feature was the introduction of living statuary by Charles Mitchell. Each statue was briefly explained in graphic terms by Jack Kilrain. The subjects represented were Hector, Hercules, the Appeal, Deianeira, the Quoit Thrower, in three positions; Perseus, the Dying Gladiator, and Charles Mitchell as he appeared in the ring with the celebrated Sullivan.

At Providence, R. I., on April 9, three glove contests took place. In the first James Dolan, of Providence, proved too much for James Butler, of Boston. In the second the honors were evenly divided between young White and James Connors, both of Providence, though Connors was apparently the better trained of the two. The third set-to was between Peter McCoy, of this city, and Dennis Mahoney, of Providence. McCoy had the best of the match all the way through.

Tom Madden, Maine's champion heavy-weight, is now doing Eastern Maine with Bill Clancy as his sparring partner. At the Brooklyn Entertainment, Wednesday night, April 4 Tom Connolly, the Indian town light-weight (St. John, N. B.), in 4 rounds with hard gloves, bested Butters, the welter-weight of Madden's combination. Clancy being unable to appear, owing to a pressing engagement elsewhere, Connolly's backer, a St. John physician, faced Madden in the final bout of four friendly rounds.

The National Cross Country Association has added

GOOD VALUE.

If there is no news agent in your locality, or from any other cause you find it inconvenient to procure your "Police Gazette," send one dollar to this office, and the paper will be regularly mailed, securely wrapped, for thirteen weeks. Sample copy sent free on application. Give it a trial.

several more contests to its championship programme, to be run off April 28. They will be open to all amateurs. One will be 150-yards flat race, another a 220-yards hurdle race, and the others will be tossing the hammer, putting the shot and throwing the 56-pound weight. In all these the winner will have three points, the second two and the third three. The prizes will be elegant gold, silver and bronze medals. The contests will take place in Fleetwood Park, New York.

Jack Dempsey, the middle-weight champion, is keeping the Long Island Hotel, 203 and 204 Front street, back of Fulton Market, and strangers and visitors to this city make it their stopping place when visiting this city. Dempsey has the "Police Gazette" diamond belt on exhibition which he won while battling for the middle-weight championship of America. Dempsey's sporting resort and hotel is doing a thriving business and it is fast becoming the rendezvous of the leading sporting fraternity.

The athletic games of the Bayside Athletic Club were held at Bay View Park, Bay Ridge, N. Y., on April 11. A. Freith and J. W. Casey opened the games with a sparring bout of three rounds. They were followed by W. E. Skillman and G. J. O'Day in a wrestling match, Robert Stoll in the fly ng rings, J. M. Clynne and R. J. Fowler in a three-round boxing bout, Bernard King and Morris Borland in a boxing match for a gold medal. Borland defeated King and got the medal. Both men were covered with blood.

The backing of Hanover to a full book for the Brooklyn handicap on Saturday has proved one of the sensations of the week. Most people at once jumped to the conclusion that the Dwyers had backed him, but Mr. Phil Dwyer said the same night that he had not backed the colt for one cent, and he knew his brother had not. As much as \$1,000 is said to have gone on at 13 to 1. It is popularly supposed to have been the work of professional betting men, who have a habit of making such bets, and thus rounding up their books.

After all the gasconade of Sullivan and his party, the ex-champion is returning from England without whipping Jim Smith, Charley Mitchell and Jack Kilrain, all in the same ring, which he said he would do. Kilrain is now coming home expecting to arrange a match to fight Sullivan for \$5,000 or \$10,000, according to London prize ring rules, for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, but the ex-champion's backer is finding a substitute in Jack Ashton. Joe Lannon of Boston can defeat Ashton. What are the friends of the famous Boston boxer doing to allow Ashton to hoodwink them? Why don't Lannon declare himself and not allow himself to be buried owing to a flag of truce being hoisted between his friends and Ashton's backers.

In regard to the recent challenge of Jack Ashton to meet Jack Kilrain, the champion, for \$2,500 a side, all we can say is that Jack Kilrain holds the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the title of champion of America. To hold that trophy he must meet all comers who agree to contend according to the rules laid down to govern the same, which we know he is prepared to do. There has been no challenge issued to Kilrain to contend for the trophy which the London Sporting Life and the New York Clipper recognize as the champion trophy since Jim Smith and Jack Kilrain fought for it, and anyone eager and anxious to meet Kilrain in the arena for the championship must meet him in an encounter in which the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, representing the championship of the world, besides the stakes, is to be contended for.

The Baltimore "American" says: Jack Kilrain has written a friend in this city that he has made lots of money since he went abroad. He says he has also made many friends, several of whom will back him to fight any man in the world for any amount of money. Included in the number are the two men who backed Smith against Kilrain. This is what he has to say of Sullivan: "John L. is the biggest talker you ever saw. As a knuckle fighter he is away behind the times. In the late fight Mitchell had him beaten several times. He started in to kill Charley in a round or two, but after 130 minutes' fighting he was content to stand off and spar. Talk about a small ring and what he would have done, why, I saw him have Mitchell in a corner over twenty times and then never do anything dangerous. Several times he stood off and dared not go at Charley. After all his talk about me he said he was my best friend, and that he always thought I could whip Smith."

It will be useless for the many wing shot rifle experts to issue challenges to Miss Annie Oakley, the "Police Gazette" female champion wing shot of the world, as will be seen by the following:

BROOKLYN, April 14.
RICHARD K. FOX, Esq.—Dear Sir: In answer to Wm. Graham's challenge to Miss Oakley, I will say he knows very well she has no time to shoot matches, as she is under contract with Mr. Pastor for six months. When that engagement is up she is engaged to take the leading part in a play now being written for her, so it will be some time before she can find time to shoot matches. In the series of three matches which she shot with Mr. Graham she won two out of the three, and I think if she had time to shoot again Mr. Graham would need both hands to beat her.
Yours very truly,
FRANK E. BUTLER,
Manager Annie Oakley.

George Littlewood, the famous English pedestrian, was in the city on April 10. His coming from the training grounds near Philadelphia created quite a stir among the ambitious athletes who are getting ready for the six-day race. Littlewood looks like a man of the most wonderful endurance. His limbs are all that the most critical could desire, the legs, chest and powerful loins showing that he is a natural racer. Littlewood spoke of defeating Rowell in their last race by becoming modesty, but added that he was especially anxious to meet him in this contest and that he would be greatly pleased to have a chance to show a clean pair of heels to Albert. Preparation for the match goes on rapidly. Manager O'Brien smiled cheerfully when asked if the race would be a success. "When these men get on the track," he said, "and commence to tear down records the big garden will not hold the crowd. We have now all the best men in the country, and I am sure the contest for first place will be exciting up to the finish." Entries are coming in from all over the country. Patsy Fallon, the celebrated Omaha sporting man, has entered an unknown, and he has telegraphed a bet of \$500 to O'Brien that his man will cover over 400 miles. Alderman "Billy" Wheelan of Chicago has also entered a man, and the ambitious fellows who wish to enter have already reached twice the number allowed to start.

The great English turf event, the City and Suburban handicap, was run at the Epsom spring meeting on April 11. There were 14 starters. Sir G. Chetwynd's 5-year-old br. horse Fullerton won; Sir W. Throckmorton's 5-year-old ch. horse Oliver Twist second, and Mr. C. J. Merry's 4-year-old br. colt Abu Klea third. The other starters were Merry Hampton, Galore, Eridspord, Woodland, Candelmas, Exmoor, Martley, The Baron, Mon Drott, Le Calaisier and Frank. The betting was as follows: 8 to 1 against Fullerton, 25 to 1 against Oliver Twist, 11 to 1 against Abu Klea, 7 to 1 against Merry Hampton, 7 to 1 against Galore, 8 to 1 against Eridspord, 11 to 1 against Woodland, 15 to 1 against Candelmas, 20 to 1 against Exmoor, 25 to 1 each against Martley, The Baron and Mon Drott, 40 to 1 against Le Calaisier, and 50 to 1 against Frank. Fullerton won by two lengths. There was a length between Oliver Twist and Abu Klea. Galore and The Baron were the quickest away, with Merry Hampton last. The positions were not changed for half a mile, when Oliver Twist took up the running, Woodland coming next. This order was maintained until the distance was reached, where Fullerton drew away and won in a canter. Martley was fourth and Woodland fifth. Merry Hampton, the favorite, finished last. The race for the Hyde Park plate of £500 for 2-year-olds, distance 5 furlongs, was won by four lengths by Lord Londonderry's bay filly by Springfield, out of Griselda. Prince Soltykoff's bay filly Pantomime was second, half a length ahead of Baron A. de Rothschild's bay filly Chariclee, third. There were 13 starters. The last betting was 4 to 1 against Our Grace, the favorite; 5 to 1 against Pantomime, 6 to 1 against Chariclee, and 14 to 1 against the Griselda filly.

TO NERVOUS MEN.

If you will send us your address, we will mail you our illustrated pamphlet explaining all about Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro Voltaic Belt and Appliances, and their charming effects upon the nervous debilitated system, and how they will quickly restore you to vigor, manhood and health. If you are thus afflicted, we will send you a Belt and Appliances on trial.
VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

REFEREE.

Vicissitudes in the Fortunes of Champion Pugilists.

A MEMORABLE INSTANCE

Another danger light in the fist arena has been faintly glimmering for some time past in the Northwest, but now it is shining brightly and must be heeded by the champions, ex-champions and would-be champions of the heavy-weight division of the prize ring arena. The danger light we allude to is Mike C. Conley, better known in fist circles as the Ithaca Giant.

Ever since Conley loomed up at Ithaca, N. Y., and was brought prominently to the front by J. D. Hayes, who posted a forfeit with a paper and offered to match him against any man to America, the Ithaca Giant has been improving in form, and notwithstanding his victories and defeats, he has now reached a place on the pugilistic ladder which makes him a formidable candidate for the championship.

I do not claim that Conley is able to defeat John L. Sullivan, Joe Lannon or the Pacific coast champion, Joe McAuliffe, but if I posed as a backer I should not hesitate for one moment, but offer to match the Ithaca Giant against any man in the world, except Jake Kilrain, the champion of America, and I should consider that I had one end and the middle—in fact, the best of the bargain.

It must, however, be thoroughly understood that if I were Conley's backer I should insist on London prize ring rules, which are the only regulations which test the science, courage, and endurance of genuine champions. I should repudiate any match in which a nominal sum was to be staked, or in which Queensberry rules were to govern, or a limited number of rounds were to be fought, simply because there would be chances of the contest being stopped or one of the contestants being declared the winner without having conquered his opponent, owing to the fact that the number of rounds stipulated according to the rules had been fought, thereby preventing a continuance of the fight.

How many victories have been gained by pugilists simply because they showed to a little better advantage in a contest in which the contract was to box four, six, eight, or ten rounds?

For instance, take for example John L. Sullivan's glove contest with Jack Burke, Dominick McCaffrey, Al Greenfield, Charley Mitchell and Frank Herald. It is recorded that Sullivan defeated them, and yet he never did so in my opinion, simply because no man is defeated when he is not either knocked out or unable to continue the contest.

At the time Sullivan met Burke, the latter was not beaten; but Sullivan evidently proved that he gained an advantage during the rounds that were fought.

Dominick McCaffrey was able to continue at the end of his glove contest with Sullivan at Cincinnati, consequently I claim that while McCaffrey was able to continue he was not beaten.

Sullivan did not defeat Frank Herald. Why? Because the police stopped the encounter, and Herald was ready to continue but for the interference of the police; and yet Sullivan was declared the winner—and it was the same way in the contests between Mitchell and Sullivan, and Greenfield and Sullivan, both in this city and in Boston.

I could name one hundred other instances in which pugilists are recorded as having beaten their opponents, when the latter have not been conquered, but the referees have decided against them.

It is my opinion a pugilist jeopardizes his reputation, especially if he is a champion, by engaging in a contest in which the number of rounds to be fought is limited, for in nine cases out of ten the battle, if it may be styled such, either ends by the police stopping the affair, a draw, or one of the contestants being declared beaten, when, if there had been no limit to the number of rounds, he might have battled on and won by a chance blow, a foul, or superior strength or stamina than his opponent, otherwise the winner.

Conley's great victory over John P. Clow, who had a fist reputation second to no pugilist in America, if we are to accept glove contests with the limited number of rounds as a guiding mark to judge by. He was no lith, untrained athlete, but a stalwart boxer and very muscular, and he proved himself worthy of being rated among the first flight of the heavy-weight division by his many successful efforts in the arena.

Conley is by no means a novice, for he won his spurs years ago in the fist arena, and he is a tremendous heavy-built man, taller and, when trained, as heavy, if not heavier, than either Jake Kilrain, the champion, or John L. Sullivan.

I think, now Sullivan is seeking to regain his once great fist prestige, which the English sporting writers claim to be prize ring bubble, that he might agree to meet Conley in a fist encounter, for no one can now say that Conley, after the easy way he disposed of Clow, does not stand a first-class chance to cope successfully with Sullivan.

By the way, I see that James D. Hayes, Conley's backer, has issued a challenge offering to back the Ithaca Giant against any man in America, except John L. Sullivan, for \$2,500 a side.

Why, I gave Hayes more credit than being foolish enough to issue such an idiotic challenge as that. When the proper time comes he will stand in the breach, ready to defend his title against all comers who are ready to meet him in a 24-foot ring, London ring rules, for the "Police Gazette" champion belt, which represents the championship of the world, a title Kilrain holds and is ready to defend according to the rules by which he earned his title to the same. The idea of barring a man in a challenge who only stands third on the pugilistic ladder, even if he does hold that position, which is doubtful, appears absurd.

I think that with the retirement of Charley Mitchell from the prize ring, Mike Conley holds the second position on the pugilistic ladder. Kilrain can defeat all the pugilists now posing as fist champions. Why Hayes, Conley's backer, should put in the bar to Sullivan is a puzzle to me and a great reflection on his shrewd pen and common sense. Probably Hayes forgets that John L. Sullivan is not champion of America, and that he is no longer the great fist star. Why, therefore, should he be barred?

If Hayes had barred Jake Kilrain, who is acknowledged the champion, it would be a horse of another color. Jake Kilrain stands No. 1 on the pugilistic ladder, heavy-weight division; Jim Smith No. 2, Mike C. Conley No. 3, John L. Sullivan No. 4, Patsy Cardiff No. 5; and any time there is a contest according to the London rules between the above five heavyweights it will be Kilrain first at the finish. Ashton, McAuliffe, Lannon, Kilrain are no match for any of the above five, and for a Pick Joe Lannon is the best.

I think Conley's (the Ithaca Giant's) great victory over Clow must upset Clow's admirers and backers, who looked upon Clow as able to compete against any man living, except Kilrain, the champion of America. I do not think Conley is a world beater because his sledge-hammer blows dazed Clow and rendered him unable to continue the battle; nevertheless, I have

not the least idea that the Ithaca Giant has greatly improved since Frank Herald knocked him out in such short order in this city.

Most pugilists are too apt to forget the numerous knock-down blows and dreadful bruises which they have from time to time received in climbing up the daring height to the championship, and that one fatal blow can hurt them from the high precipice—level them to the ground, so to speak—and cast that hard-earned title from their brow. Boxers should remember that in becoming a champion (enviable sound) they make themselves a sort of target for others to strike at. For this reason very few pugilists have died in possession of the championship, and however desperate and chequered the road may be to procure that title, the difficulty rests in keeping it.

The smiles of victory have often blinded and ruined many by plunging them into excess and gaiety when they should have been alert to their future fame. Sobriety will prove their best friend, and they should endeavor never to turn their back upon so invaluable a monitor, and that in gaining new acquaintances, which their success will naturally occasion, they will find no better one than investigating the science again and again, whereby they may discover some new stop or hit that was unknown to them before; but above all, let them endeavor to become acquainted with themselves, study the defects and improve them; if passionate in their nature, learn to suppress that overwhelming quality so dangerous to boxers. If they cannot view the attacks of their opponents with coolness, conquest, then, is more indebted to chance than judgment.

Here it was that Kilrain proved himself so much master of the science in his battle with Jim Smith for the championship of the world, as weeks before the great battle his mind was continually at work to improve his knowledge in giving blows with more ease and effect to himself, and in warding off those terrific, powerful blows of the English champion calculated to effect his destruction, while, on the contrary, Sullivan, instead of following the same programme as Kilrain while training for his battle with Charley Mitchell, too generally spent his time in drinking and other pastimes, instead of improving himself by training and not depending so much on chance and his own inherent strength.

No men are subject more to the caprice or changes of fortune than champion pugilists. Victory brings them fame, riches and patrons. Their bruises are not heeded in the smiles of success, and, basking in the sunshine of prosperity, their lives pass on pleasantly until defeat comes and reverses the scene. Covered with aches and pains, distressed in mind and body, assailed by poverty, wretchedness and misery, friends forsake them, when, with their towering fame gone or their characters shattered, they fly to inebriation for relief, and a premature end puts a period to their misfortunes.

It is one of the greatest failings of human nature, incident to most men in every station of society, that while in prosperity and a long run of good luck few are provident enough to provide against a rainy day much more than those who are in a line of life where a great deal depends upon chance and an unlucky throw may reduce them considerably worse than their first lot set in life.

A memorable instance of this kind may be mentioned here. It relates to the once famous English pugilist, Tom Johnson, who, by his extraordinary success in fighting, realized the astonishing sum of \$30,000, and he might have, after contending for the championship of England in about sixteen fights, retired from the scene of "battles bravely fought and hardly won," into the vale of ease and become respectable and end his days in peace and happiness; but by want of conduct he lost his property and his home. Necessity compelled him to fight another battle, and, flattered that the chance was still in his favor whereby he might recruit his exhausted finances, he entered the arena with all the gaiety of an adventurer, but, alas! capricious fortune turned her back upon him, and he (Tom Johnson), who had always been borne upon the shoulders of his friends, amid the shouts of victory, was now doomed.

Beaten almost lifeless, the laurels torn from his veteran brow, and death the ultimate consequence from the severe blows he received, his reputation gone as a pugilist, he abandoned the race grounds or fairs, endeavoring to pick up a crust by giving exhibitions but that proving unprofitable, he resorted to teaching the art of self-defense in Ireland, where he made his grand exit, proving the absolute necessity for men in such an uncertain way of life before they are done up of "making hay while the sun shines."

The career of John L. Sullivan, from the time he embarked on his pugilistic voyage in 1879, until his great reverse by Mitchell in 1888, at Chantilly, is nearly similar to that of Johnson, England's champion.

From 1879 to 1887 Sullivan made a fortune by his great name and fist ability. He occupied the highest rung on the pugilistic ladder until he refused to meet Kilrain, and latterly when he failed to defeat Mitchell. Now he has no funds, his fist reputation is gone, and he has got to make the same voyage over again, with poor prospects of success.

Sullivan must certainly be entitled to the appellation of a great boxer—and only for his incorrigible inebriety he would be a first-class pugilist.

Courage is allowed to be chiefly natural, and probably owing, in a great measure, to the complexion and constitution of our bodies, and flowing in the different texture of the blood and juices; but surely it may be admitted that it is not only acquired but strengthened by use and familiarity with danger. Emulation and the love of glory are true and powerful breeders of it.

The elegant trophy, the "Police Gazette" diamond whip, which was offered for competition last summer by Richard K. Fox in order to promote honest racing on the turf, is highly prized by Jimmy McLaughlin, the champion jockey. On the race tracks at Clifton and Guttenburg, the whip was freely talked about, and few supposed it was such a costly prize until they examined it on exhibition.

By the way, many persons suppose that the receipts taken in at the Star Theatre on the night of the presentation of the "Police Gazette" diamond whip were received by Richard K. Fox.

This is a mistake, as the proprietor of this paper only offers prizes such as champion belts, pigeon shooting, fifteen-ball pool, rowing cups, boxing and wrestling medals, to promote legitimate sport and not to make money. The receipts of the Star theatre on April 8 were not received by Richard K. Fox, simply because he refused to accept them, but notified McLaughlin he could do as he pleased with the money, and he also refused to accept the gate money, stating that the whip was enough for him to receive.

I understand that the eighth annual games of the Pastime Athletic Club will be held Saturday, June 9, at the Empire City Coliseum, Sixty-eighth street and Avenue A. J. J. Walsh, Chairman of the games committee, states that three medals will be given in each event. Rules of the Amateur Athletic Union will govern all competitions. The following events will be given: 220 yard run, 440 yard run, ½ mile run, 1 mile run, 3 mile run, 1 mile walk, and ½ mile run for those who have never won a prize. Entries close with J. P. Boyle, 1,171 Second avenue.

Glancing over the first rules of the prize ring issued for the guidance of boxers and pugilists by Broughton in 1743, I find the following, which just bears out my theory and proves it is a correct one. Read it and mark it well:

Rule 4—No champion shall be deemed beaten unless he falls coming up to the line in the centre of the ring in the limited time.

If Charles Carr, the rising young English sculler, is as good a man as the English rowing world believes, the offer of Wm. O'Connor for a race will probably be accepted. O'Connor offers to make a match for \$2,500 a side, and give or take \$300 expenses as the race is rowed here or in England. The last week in July is suggested as a suitable date. Carr has rowed only three races, but none of the English scullers can find backing against him.

CLOW'S DEFEAT.

The Ithaca Giant's Great Triumph Over the Western Wonder.

CONLEY'S SWEEPING CHALLENGE.

The following are the full particulars of the great battle between John P. Clow, the holder of the "Police Gazette" champion medal, representing the championship of Colorado, and Mike C. Conley, of Ashland, the Ithaca Giant, which was fought April 8 at Ashland, Wis., furnished by a POLICE GAZETTE correspondent: If ever there was a more completely whipped prize fighter on the face of the earth, John P. Clow, of Duluth, is the man. If ever there was a more completely surprised audience gathered, it was that which assembled in the Ashland theatre last night to see Mike Conley and Clow fight for the championship of the Northwest. It can safely be said that there was not one man in every ten of the 1,500 people who witnessed it who expected that the fight would not be ended in a draw, by a foul, or that it would be a fiasco. Clow was a gone goose for every minute that he stayed on the stage after the first half of the second round. The referee and Frank Hayes and his friends who are at the back of the defeated would-be champion, together with the absence of mind and the fact that the audience was transformed into a howling mob, was the only thing which prevented the honest, manly and courageous Ithaca Giant from knocking him into insensibility and entirely out of the sight of the audience which saw Clow and his friends act like crows—after all the odds which could be given were in his favor. During the day Frank Hayes, manager of Clow, spent his time in telling people what an easy thing his man would have. However, there was not a dollar up, to the knowledge of most sporting men, on a decisive result. There were a few thought that the fight would not be decided and some that Conley would not knock his man out. In fact, the general opinion was that the match would end in a draw.

Sam Ellis, master of ceremonies, introduced John Varley and George Chase, who amused the audience in a brisk fight, in which some hard blows were interchanged. Joe Atkins, known as "the Spider," followed in a 3-round set to with a heavy-weight, who was twice as tall and twice as heavy as the bantam spider, which caused screams of delight from the crowd who were "tickled" at the way in which the young counterpart of the Belfast boy cleverly reminded him, dodging around and causing his adversary to hustle to keep up with him. "The Bay City Cyclone" and young Mike Conley, both bantam-weights, brought down the skating rink. Their science "astonished the natives," and when they were through showers of nickels, dimes, quarters and dollars fell on the stage, keeping them busy for half an hour raking them into their ragged hats. After a weary wait of fully three-quarters of an hour, Clow took his corner. Conley followed, greeted with enthusiastic cheers. These Manning and Dannie Needham were behind him, while Slim Sullivan and Billy Lynn attended to Clow. Chas. Eldred was timekeeper for Conley, while Frank Hayes, manager of Clow, held a watch for his man. After a long wait it was announced that Paddy McDonald, of Duluth, should be referee. Wm. Lynn, trainer of Clow, stepped to the front and said that Clow was willing his opponent should wear the 2 ounce gloves as he did, to which J. D. Hayes replied that Conley would wear the gloves called for in the articles, 4 ounce weight. Time was finally called, and the men stepped to the scratch. Conley's pleasant face bore a smile as he faced Clow, whose elongated physiognomy wore a sulky grin. Everyone was anxious, and there was intense suspense as the great fighters met. Very poor "loads" were made by both men, but Clow saw an opening and landed on Conley's jaw with his right. Clenching followed, and Conley received two more good dips, the round ending with an exchange. The Ithaca Giant evidently had the worst of the round, and it looked as if the difference in the size of the gloves was going to cause Conley's defeat. When the second round opened Clow rushed at the Duluth duffer, but his two blows were cleverly dodged and stopped. Clow got in another good blow on the Ashland man's face and then he was done. After that minute he was completely whipped. Conley showered blows in quick succession on his man, a clinch occurred, the referee called time. Clow slunk into his corner, looking pale as a sheet, but still smiling. When Timekeeper Eldred called the third round Hayes, timing for Clow, objected to the round beginning, shouting that the minute was not up. Conley rushed at his man and rained blow after blow on his head and face. He crowded him toward the ropes and Clow clinched Conley, keeping his hold so hard that it was almost impossible to part the men. Referee McDonald endeavored to keep Conley away from his victim, who had lain against the ropes and covered his face, allowing Conley to pound his face and neck. Several spectators jumped into the ring and an uproar ensued. The excitement was intense and the audience stood on its feet and eagerly looked, expecting every minute to see Clow fall on his knees and to see Conley lose the fight on a foul. Just as the former was falling to dust Conley struck him, when a foul was claimed by Hayes and his friends, Clow being too much dazed to know what was being done. It was not allowed, and the men took their seats amid the greatest confusion. Again Charley Eldred called time after expiration of the minute. From this on pandemonium reigned until the crowd rolled out of the theatre. Clow jumped up at the call and Frank Hayes, his manager, commenced to shout. He would not allow his man to step out into the ring, and claimed that time was not up. It was evident to Hayes that unless time could be gained Clow would be knocked out as quick as he stepped into the ring. Amid the disorder, roaring and yelling, the referee was dazed and looked helplessly around, unable even to give a decision as to the time. Conley stepped out in the middle of the stage and said:

"Bring your man out. I cannot fight him in his corner." Conley also appealed to Referee McDonald to give his decision, but without any effect, as the referee had completely lost his senses, for which he could not in the least be blamed under the circumstances. Finally, at the expiration of six or eight minutes, he succeeded in making himself heard, when he said that Conley had won the fight which made him champion of the Northwest. A wild cheer went up from the crowd, which rushed on the stage and bore the victorious Ithaca boy on its shoulders. He was overwhelmed with congratulations and hand shakes. James D. Hayes, the backer of Conley, believes that the latter can defeat any man in the world. On April 9 he issued a challenge offering to match the Ithaca Giant against any man in the world for \$2,500 a side, and there is not the least doubt but that Kilrain, Lannon or Ashton may pick up the gauntlet and agree to meet the latest pugilistic wonder of the Northwest.

The challenge published by James D. Hayes, the backer of Mike Conley, the Ithaca Giant, wherein Hayes offers to match Conley to fight any man in America at catch weights, London prize ring rules, for \$2,500 a side, has created quite a breeze in sporting circles. In reply to the def, the following was wired by Richard K. Fox:

J. D. HAYES, ASHLAND, WIS.—In Conley, the Ithaca Giant, you have the coming champion, if he is discreet and able to cope successfully with Sullivan, London prize ring rules. Jake Kilrain, the champion of the world, out-classes Conley. Match Conley against Sullivan; then, if he wins, Kilrain will talk business for \$5,000 or \$10,000 in a pugilistic manner. Wm. E. Harding, the POLICE GAZETTE's sporting editor, a first-class judge, believes Conley would, according to London prize ring rules, if properly trained and equipped, be a formidable opponent for John L. Sullivan, but no match for Kilrain. Conley is the biggest card in the fist arena now in America. Should you match him against Sullivan, and the Ithaca Giant wins, then only would Kilrain agree to meet him, and the match would be for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and championship of the world, according to the rules governing a contest for the belt.

Conley is a big, powerful, and muscular man, and, judging from the way he disposed of Clow, who was by no means a third rater, he stands out as a prominent candidate for the fist championship.

At Pawtucket, R. I., on April 11, there was a series of glove contests. The first contest was between Frank Sweeney, of Providence, weight 150 pounds, and J. Lynch, of Jersey City, N. J., weight 134 pounds. The terms were skin-tight gloves to a finish. Marquis of Queensberry rules, for a purse of \$100. The referee was a Mr. Dougherty, of Boston, and Fred Harris, of this city, filled the position of timer. Al Jansen, the well-known light weight, and Joseph Benedict, were Sweeney's seconds, and Lynch was seconded by Messrs. Shaw and A. Reid, of Providence. About thirty spectators were present, and at the hour named above fighting commenced. The first knock down and first blood were won by Sweeney, after good work by both men. Betting ran high. This continued until a clinch occurred at the end of the fourth round and Sweeney claimed a foul. The referee cautioned Lynch not to let it occur again, but while the matter was under consideration it was repeated, and while Sweeney was off his guard Lynch gave him a stunner in the face which "put him to sleep," and on the strength of this Lynch was given the fight, although the decision gave general dissatisfaction. The four rounds lasted but twenty-one minutes.

Backer of Kilrain.

Conley is a big, powerful, and muscular man, and, judging from the way he disposed of Clow, who was by no means a third rater, he stands out as a prominent candidate for the fist championship.

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RICHARD K. FOX, PROPRIETOR POLICE GAZETTE.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. J., Boston.—No.

M. J., Boston.—No.

M. D., Hartford.—No.

S. D., Troy, N. Y.—Yes.

M. F. K., New York.—Yes.

J. H. C., Philadelphia.—No.

H. J. G., Brandon, Vt.—No.

W. C., Boston.—Jake Kilrain.

M. J., Portage Falls, N. Y.—No.

Y. ATHLETIC, Milford, Mass.—Yes.

R. D., Cincinnati, O.—Yes, A. wins.

E. C. B., Kansas City.—147 pounds.

GOOSE, New York.—Slizes are high.

C. E. F., Morrison, Ill.—James Albert.

O. H. C., Brunswick, Ill.—Jake Kilrain.

TURFITE, St. Louis.—1. No. 2. Hanover.

R. S., Anacostia, M. T.—Game counts first.

M. B., Leeds, Mass.—Write to the company.

G. A. Z., Sunnyside, Pa.—Impossible to say.

G. M., Col.—Yes; they boxed in Boston in 1879.

UNDERHILL, Salida, Col.—Jack Dempsey won.

D. J., Harrisburg, Pa.—It is a matter of opinion.

E. G., Buffalo.—The child would be an American.

R. W. S., Sing Sing, N. Y.—There is no such record.

T. H. S., Kings Bridge, N. Y.—Procure a racing guide.

CONSTANT READER, City.—Cannot decide such a question.

B. W., Toledo.—The party who threw 40 is out of the race.

C. L., Massillon, Iowa.—Yes; and came near being defeated.

K., Berlin, Wis.—You do not name the number of rats killed.

R. G. K., Barre, Vt.—Yes; at Nottingham and Liverpool, Eng.

H. B., Ste. Genevieve, Mo.—We have not Peter J. Panchot's address.

J. J. A., Monticello, N. M.—Feb. 7, 1882. Ryan; 9 rounds, 11 minutes.

A. BARBER, Winona, Minn.—Flag, Broughton, Humphrey and Mendonsa.

CONSTANT READER, Sydney, Ohio.—The party who bet on "below" wins.

L. T., Hams Fork, Vinto Co., Wyoming.—"Hubbers" and Ringers is correct.

T. F., Plymouth, Pa.—Billy O'Brien, Hillen Building, Park row, New York city.

T. D. W., Tecumseh, Ala.—1. Paddy Ryan is a living on the Pacific Slope. 2. No.

E. H. F., South Boston, Va.—1. Yes. 2. Sullivan was always afraid to meet Kilrain.

AMERICAN NEWS CO., N. Y.—Fifteen battles. Will answer your customer's questions.

F. H. THOMAS, Kansas City, Mo.—Nearly every state except New Jersey and New York.

W. B. A., Columbus, Miss.—Write to D. W. Foster, South Fifth avenue, near Bleeker street, New York.

CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER, New York.—We can furnish you with one if you state the price you desire to pay.

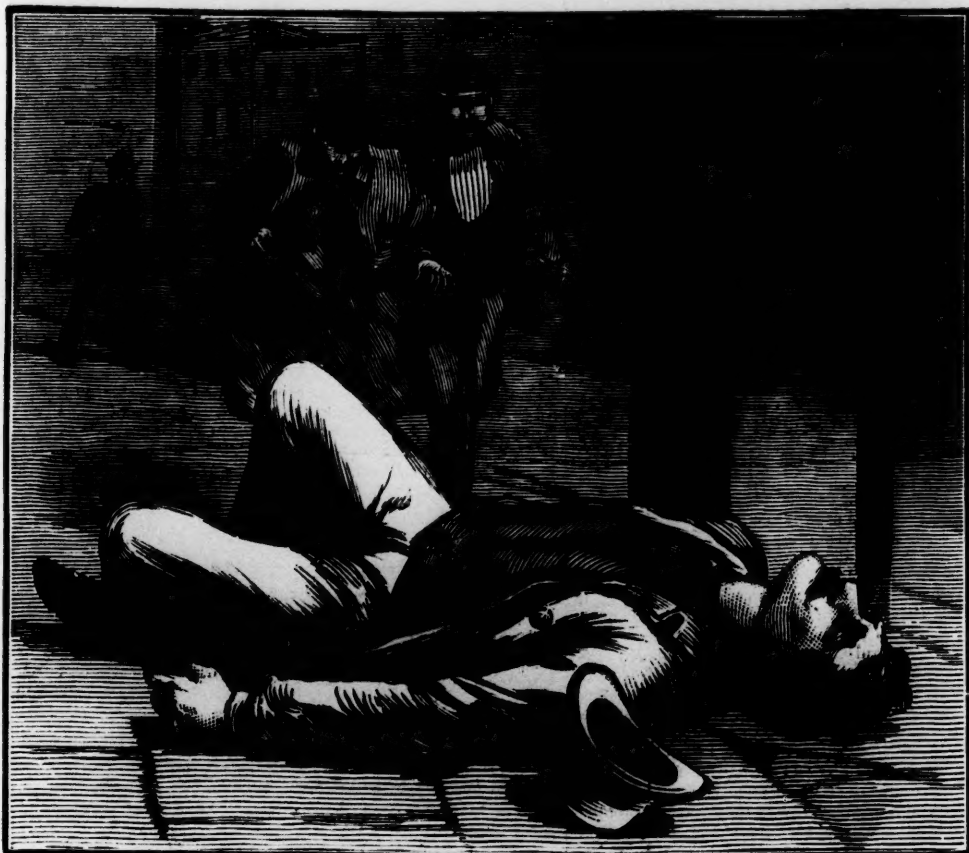
J. A. R., Remington, Vt.—Tom King and Jim Mace only fought twice. Mace beat King, and the latter beat Mace.

T. J., Helena.—1. The bet is a draw; because you laid odds made no difference. 2. All bets follow the stakes.

E. F. M., St. Paul, Minn.—1. 150 pounds. 2. The match between Acton and the Jap was stopped by the blizzard.

J. J. P., South Chicago, Ill.—Sullivan and Ryan met in a glove contest in San Francisco, and Sullivan did knock Ryan out.

J. C., Hartford, Conn.—1. Ryan weighed 163 pounds and Sullivan 165 pounds the day they fought at Mississippi City. 2. Feb. 7, 1882.



SHOT HIS SISTER'S LOVER.

EX-GOVERNOR PORTER'S SON OF PARIS, TENNESSEE, IS MURDERED BY THE BROTHER OF HIS SWEETHEART.



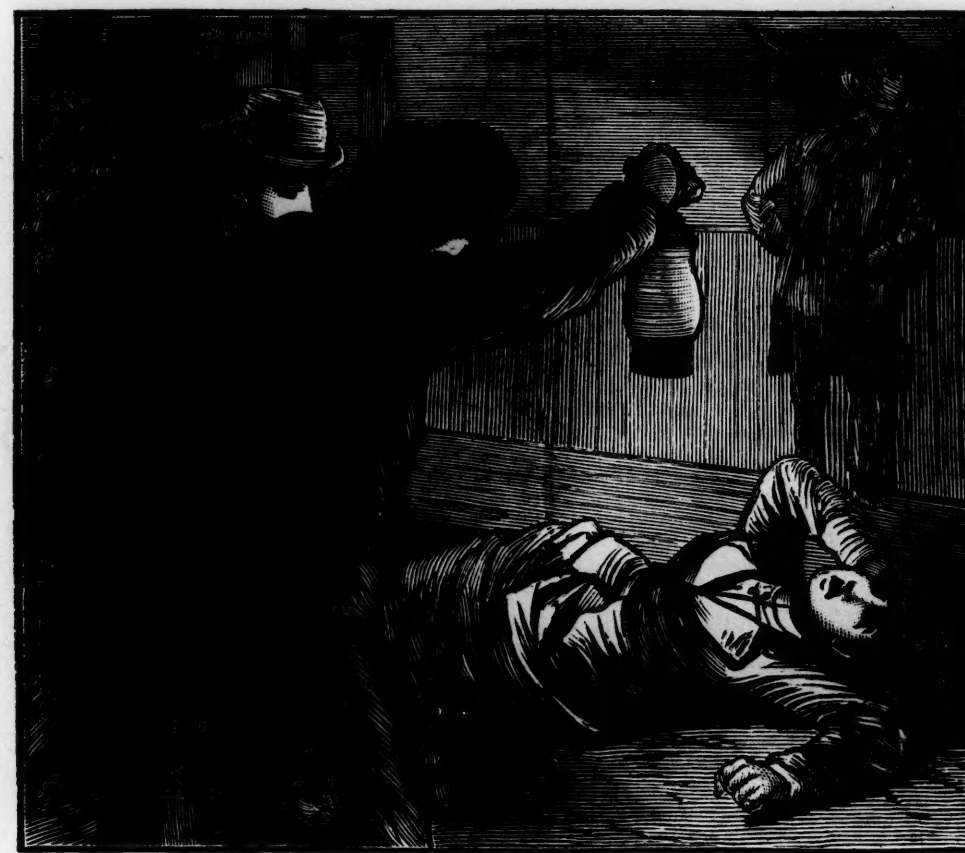
AN ELOPEMENT'S SAD SEQUEL.

A BEAUTIFUL WASINGTON YOUNG LADY COMMITS SUICIDE BECAUSE SHE COULD NOT BE HAPPY WITH THE MAN SHE LOVED.



THEY MADE HIM CONFESS.

A WHISKEY SPY GETS ROUGHLY HANDLED BY AN ANGRY CROWD OF BREWERY WORKMEN AT CHICAGO.



A MOST ATROCIOUS CRIME.

CHARLES HARRISON OF PLATTSBURGH, N. Y., CUTS HIS WIFE'S THROAT AND COOLLY SURVEYS HIS BLOODY WORK.



SHE MISSED THE TARGET.

WHILE SHOOTING AT A MARK, MRS. JOHN RITCHIE OF PATERSON, NEW JERSEY, ACCIDENTALLY KILLS HER HUSBAND.



THRASHED THE SCHOOLMASTER.

A FLUSHING, LONG ISLAND, LAD WHO IS ALLEGED TO HAVE MADE PRINCIPAL CLARK CRY ENOUGH.



GORDON BARCLAY STRONACH,
A WELL-KNOWN AND TALENTED SPORTING WRITER IN AUSTRALIA, AND EDITOR
OF "TOWN AND COUNTRY."



BILLY O'BRIEN,
A WELL-KNOWN AND POPULAR SPORT, MANAGER OF THE COMING SIX-DAY RACE
AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.



JOHN TEEMER,
OF McKEESPORT, PA, CHAMPION SINGLE-SCULL OARSMAN OF AMERICA, HOLDER OF THE COSTLY "POLICE GAZETTE" CHAMPIONSHIP CUP.



ALBERT G. POWERS,
THE CHICAGO BOY, A DEXTEROUS MANIPULATOR OF THE CUE,
AND POOL CHAMPION OF THE WEST.



JOHNNY KANE,
CHAMPION BRONCHO RIDER, LATE WITH THE BUFFALO BILL
WILD WEST IN ENGLAND.



W. H. CLEARWATER,
POOL EXPERT OF RAVENNA, OHIO, AND HOLDER OF THE
STATE CHAMPIONSHIP.

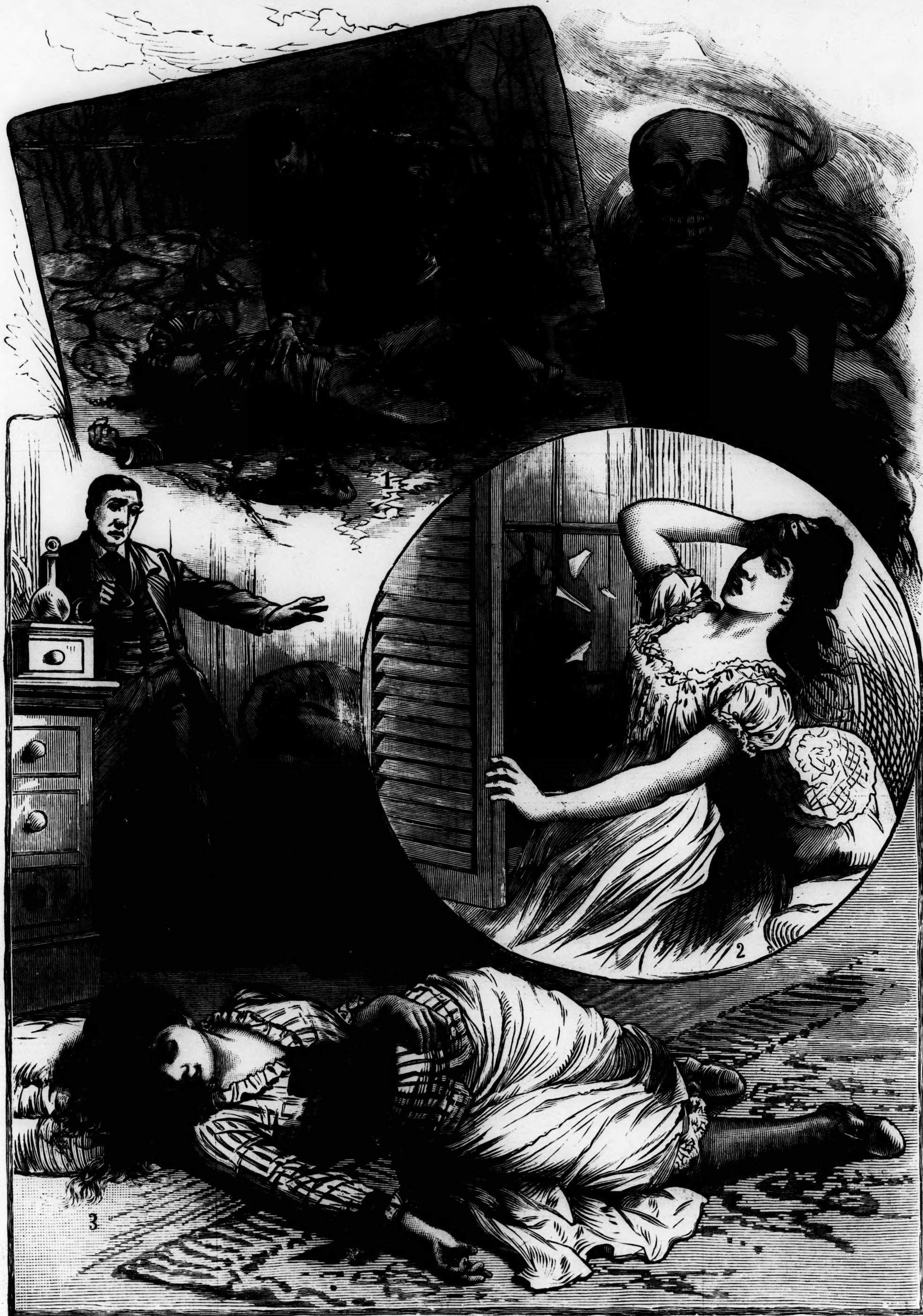
HER CUP WAS FULL.

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THREE MYSTERIOUS TRAGEDIES.

I.—FARMER LE PAGE, OF CHANDLERSVILLE, O., ON RETURNING HOME AT NIGHT DISCOVERS THE DEAD BODY OF EDWARD SMITH IN HIS DOOR YARD. II.—THE SAME NIGHT HIS DAUGHTER, MAGGIE LE PAGE, THE BELLE OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD, IS SHOT AT THROUGH A WINDOW. III.—STRANGE SUICIDE OF A ZANESVILLE, O., GIRL.